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THE BIBLE TERCENTENARY.

A high school class in American history had spent an hour in discussing the struggle between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery forces about the year 1850. Among the topics dwelt upon at length had been Clay's compromise measure (including the Seventh of March speech) and the influence of Mrs. Stowe's great novel. At the close of the hour the instructor read Whittier's "Ichabod" to his class, without naming either its author or its subject. Then he asked (not without hopefulness, although experience should have taught him better) for the name of the man about whom the poem was written. Two answers were elicited: the first was "Uncle Tom," the second "Abraham Lincoln." When asked to account for the title of the poem, that assemblage of ingenuous youth was of one mind — it must have been suggested by Ichabod Crane. This strictly veracious narrative has two morals — a pedagogical moral whose implications, if logically worked out, would condemn pretty much the whole of the educational process of which these youngsters of the average age of eighteen had been made the victims, and a cultural moral too obvious to need categorical statement.

The first moral may be reserved for consideration upon other occasions. It strikes at the tap-root of the teaching problem, and must be faced sooner or later when sentiment shall give place to reason, and the delusion of a "practical" education shall burst like the bubble that it is. The second moral is just now borne in upon us by the fact that we are thinking for the moment about the English Bible during this third century year of its publication in the authorized version, and are being made to realize in many depressing ways that the Book which is the chief treasure of our prose literature is to the younger generation a book with seven seals. There have been many investigations of late years into the furnishings of the youthful mind as far as knowledge of the Scriptures is concerned, and they all come out in about the same way. The case of the Yale student (a Jew) who had never heard of Moses is one of countless cases that would seem incredible did we not know by melancholy experience that there is absolutely no limit to the

ignorance of young people about matters of the most elementary cultural significance. A *questionnaire* of a few years ago, making the simplest of demands, revealed large numbers of boys and girls who could not name the first book of the Bible, who had never heard of Methuselah, and who did not know where Christ was born, or who betrayed him, or the goal of Paul's journey when he experienced conversion. Testimony of this sort has been multiplied by thousands of inquirers, and particularly contributed in voluminous measure by teachers who have based their inquiries upon the familiar scriptural allusions with which English literature is packed. It all goes to show a widespread and lamentable ignorance of the Bible which could not have been paralleled fifty years ago in any part of the English-speaking world.

On the other hand, the generation which has so far lapsed from the culture (we are not now concerned about the faith) of the past has been exhorted by the most eloquent voices not to neglect our chief fountain-head of literary and ethical inspiration. Here, also, testimony in volume unlimited and of weight not to be ignored is at our service. The pleas of Carlyle and Huxley, of Ruskin and Arnold, are familiar and shining examples of this advocacy. Less familiar, but thoroughly typical of educated opinion upon this subject, are the words of R. H. Dana, Jr., which we may reproduce:

"Our ordinary English Bible is the foundation of our common views of morality, is the basis of our common civilization, and is the bond of our common language; apart from any opinion as to its religious teachings, every American child is entitled to be instructed in this book, his acquaintance with which is essential to his understanding of very much that he hears in public address, or reads in the public press, and this, though he be of a family which is Protestant or Catholic, Jewish, Mohammedan, or Buddhist. . . . As a well of pure English, undefiled, as a fountain of pure, idiomatic English, it has not its equal in the world. . . . From the common English Bible, too, we derive our household words, our phrases and illustrations, the familiar speech of the people. Our associations are with its narratives, its parables, its histories, and its biographies. If a man knew the Bible in its original Greek and Hebrew by heart, and did not know the common English version, he would be ignorant of the speech of the people. In sermons, in public speeches from the pulpit, the bar and the platform, would come allusions, references, quotations — that exquisite electrifying by conductors by which the heart of the whole people is touched by a word, a phrase, in itself nothing, but everything in the power of conducting — and all this would be to him an unknown world. . . . As a preparation for life, an acquaintance with the common English Bible is indispensable."

Another writer, fully appreciative of the share of the English Bible in our spiritual life, is Professor Barrett Wendell, who says: "For better or worse the ideals which underlie our blundering conscious life must always be the ideals which underlie the conscious life of the mother country, and which for centuries have rectified and purified her blunders. Morally and religiously these ideals are immortally consecrated in King James's version of the Bible." And Professor Albert S. Cook, writing in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," says with simple truth that "no other book has so penetrated and permeated the hearts and speech of the English race as has the Bible. What Homer was to the Greeks, and the Koran to the Arabs, that, or something not unlike it, the Bible has become to the English."

Such quotations might be multiplied indefinitely, but to extend them would be "slaying the slain" for most readers of these pages. They make it clear that we may enter on behalf of the Bible the same sort of claim for renewed attention, now that its life has rounded another full century, that we would enter in a similar anniversary year in behalf of Shakespeare or Milton. But to enter the claim alone, and think that our whole duty has thus been done, will be a rather futile performance. Our real obligation is to endeavor by continuous and unremitting effort to restore the Bible as an English classic to the possession of the people. Many persons, admitting the obligation, will shirk it and salve their consciences at the same time by suggesting that the burden be put upon the public schools. It is an easy way of evading a personal responsibility, and has been applied, with somewhat startling results, in many other matters. In the case of the Bible, it would be about the poorest expedient imaginable, to say nothing of the fact that in the present controversial temper upon religious subjects it could not be done without violating certain very fundamental principles of fairness between creed and creed. Given our schools as they are (and their teachers), we could not hope that teaching, or even reading, of the Bible would be done reasonably, and by methods free from the influence of any theory of supernaturalism. The whole wretched history of the English political squabble over religious education, with its chatter about Cowper-Templeism and "simple Bible teaching," shows us how wise has been the American policy of an absolutely secularized system of public education.

It is not now through the schools, any more than it was through the schools of fifty

or a hundred years ago, that children are to be made to grow up with Biblical knowledge as an ineradicable possession. It is to the home that we must look—supplemented to some extent by private and voluntary outside agencies—to the home, which means, in the final analysis, to a reawakening of that sense of parental responsibility which, as our modern life has grown more complex and institutional, seems to have sunk into a sort of lethargy. It was as the result of influences existing—or at least originating, in the family circle that our parents and grandparents came to know their Bible so well, and thereby became possessed of the master key to most of the treasure-houses of our literature. As the New York "Evening Post" aptly says: "A late and literary study of the Bible can never make it the instinctive possession, the man of our counsel, that it was under the old system of assimilating its contents. Assiduous reading in the family from earliest days, the memorizing of psalm and parable and prophecy and beatitude, the listening to the rolling echoes of Sinai in church on Sundays, along with the lightnings and smoke of torment in the Apocalypse—all this was a process to stamp upon the mind indelibly what no amount of sophisticated study can yield." There were elements of waste in the old system, but how effective it was! In giving it up, the children of this later generation have saved much time, and promptly devoted it to frivolous and mischievous occupations, or at the best to mean "practical" purposes. But what they have suffered in consequence is nothing less than an intellectual and moral calamity.

WALTER PATER.

The new Library Edition of Pater cannot fail to please the bibliophile. Completed now in ten beautiful volumes, tastefully bound in dark blue cloth, the quiet dignity of its type and format leaves little to be desired. Intrinsically, it is the old edition in a statelier form. No new material has been added, either textual or editorial; the rest of the unsigned reviews must still be read in Mr. Mosher's collection. And after all we need not regret them, for the best of this literary journalism has been preserved in the rather mediocre "Essays from the Guardian." What we shall regret, however, is the omission of the essay on Dante, and, perhaps even more, the lack of a memoir or biographical study.

We have as yet no adequate biography of Walter Pater. Mr. Benson, to be sure, has given us an æsthetic study, and Mr. Thomas Wright a painstaking collection of anecdotes. Here, as in many another case, the task of the biographer is no easy one. The anecdotes must be used with caution, for Pater liked to clothe his sensitiveness with irony. Did he confess himself in his art, holding to that ideal of transparent simplicity set forth with such charm in the Platonic conception of Diaphaneitè? Earliest of all his essays, is it really autobiographical? Perhaps so. His style, certainly, has no trace of irony or even humor, and it does have a very personal warmth. As a critic, of course, he is thoroughly subjective, his very book-reviews being limited to the things that pleased him; and no one can deny the subjective quality of his work in fiction. In any case, a very definite portrait lies concealed in these ten volumes, and its details tally singularly with the facts that one may glean from Mr. Wright's laborious but inartistic memoir.

The material for this "imaginary portrait" is widely scattered. "One must read all of Pater," says a recent critic; and an unsympathetic reviewer might rejoice that the total was limited by such artistic discretion. Yet it might have been smaller still. Only five of Pater's works—six volumes in this new Library Edition—were published in book form during the author's life-time; and, with the possible exception of "Greek Studies," it is doubtful if any of the others would have received his sanction in their present form. All of them have their interest for us, surely,—even the "Essays from the Guardian"; but it is to the "Renaissance" and "Marius," to the "Imaginary Portraits" and "Plato and Platonism," that the admirer of Pater most frequently turns.

Of these the "Renaissance" is the most important for the biographer. Earliest of Pater's works, written mainly between his twenty-seventh and thirty-fourth years, it exhibits most clearly what one might term the fundamental contradiction of his temperament. The "Renaissance" presents to us, as none of the later works do, the essential Pater, a highly imaginative but rather sensuous nature, curious of a somewhat morbid type of beauty. The passion of youth asserts itself in these essays, and the voice of a lyrical poet vibrates beneath their apparent restraint. *Ascesis*—an ascetic control of one's æsthetic attitude and its artistic expression—was always Pater's intellectual ideal, and it tended to give him more of a classical objectivity in his later writings. But here at least the author of those severer studies, like Denys in the fable of the fallen god, ungirds the hempen cincture and casts aside the monastic robe. And what we find beneath it is not a pagan deity as in the fable, not a pagan philosopher as we might expect from "Greek Studies," but a being of our own age, a follower of Rousseau and the cult of feeling, a poet who has strayed into the domain of prose. A modern romanticist,—but, let us add, a romanticist who has read his Plato and learned the message of the Greeks,—the force of his imagination draws him irresistibly to that period of "brilliant sins" and "fantastic theories" which we call the Renaissance.

Romanticism tempered by the study of philosophy—a poet corrected by the discipline of an intellectual ideal! For, after all, the sterner attitude is not wanting, even here. Earliest of all these studies, the essay on Winckelmann may serve as a measure of that ideal, clearly descried but still imperfectly attained. Like Goethe, Pater found in Winckelmann an intellectual prototype; he, too, "penetrated by instinct rather than by understanding, the subtlest principles of the Greek manner." How different from the attitude of the typical scholar, even in the Oxford of Benjamin Jowett! "To penetrate into the antique world by one's passion, one's temperament" — that surely is only a poet's privilege, and the imagery of this volume of essays, sensuous, poetic, never quite subdued to the sober uses of prose, gives the critic a suspicion of the many lines of verse—all destroyed after the manner of Goethe with his Juvenilia — which Mr. Wright tells us preceded these essays on the Renaissance.

Winckelmann was indeed an effective influence in the formation of Pater's ideals. The great German, also, "rejects metaphysics, finding the true service of philosophy in its power to suggest questions which help one to detect the passion and strangeness and dramatic contrasts of life." Such was to be the service of philosophy for Walter Pater. His, too, was "a culture in which the moral instinct, like the religious or political, was merged in the artistic." He would have liked to "attain not only as intense but as complete a life as possible," although he early accepted the limitations which the æsthetic attitude imposes. And it is just here that Pater's ideal touches that of Goethe: the ideal of one "to whom every moment of life brought its contribution of experimental, individual knowledge, by whom no touch of the world of form, colour, and passion was disregarded." Nevertheless, we must admit that he fell short of Goethe by mistaking the means for the end.

But we may not discuss Pater's philosophy, even in so far as it illustrates his artistic theories. We must pass on to the other essays in this volume. "A lover of strange souls," he studies Leonardo and Sandro Botticelli, finding in da Vinci's work, in the work of the Renaissance generally, that union of "curiosity" and "the desire of beauty" which is the keynote, not only of this period and this particular master, but of the very spirit of romanticism and the work of Pater himself. In the curiously imaginative portrait of Leonardo he reads the secret of a life "that fascinates or perhaps half repels"; the fascination of interests not wholly pleasant being one of the dangers of the romantic temper, best seen perhaps in Hugo's abuse of the grotesque. In his later writings Pater largely overcame this morbidity, evident enough in certain parts of these essays, pervading the imagery and manifest in many exotic flowers of style. The interest in romantic landscape is there, and the interest in romantic personality, and all the poetry of Pater's own romanticism is summed up in the figure by which the incomplete realism of da Vinci's backgrounds is explained as an effect of temperament: "through Leonardo's strange veil of sight things reach him so, in no ordinary night or day, but as in the faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water." It is the art of a poet who has made himself a critic.

So back of the portrait of Leonardo, back of nearly every portrait in the volume, we see the figure of the author. His very artistic poise is that of da Vinci, "careless alike of present and of future applause." In Pater, too, one might fancy that "this solitary culture of beauty . . . hung upon a kind of self-love, and a carelessness in the work of art of all but art itself." "Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown, and for him the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself — a perfect end."

Well! there we have the defects of the romantic attitude. That sensitiveness of temperament must be paid for by some weakness, and the reader need not pass beyond this essay to find the pitfalls that threaten a strongly sensuous or emotional mind. We need not dwell upon them. Only youth can re-read the "Renaissance" without some moments of cloying, only the effeminate can enjoy the suggestion of the perfume of the tuberose in its style. The very affectation of restraint gives relief to these blemishes, exaggerations of delicacy, "thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind." The wind, forsooth! There is a sense of strain in all such minuteness; nothing is left for the imagination to supply.

Yet it must be admitted that in proportion to the bulk of Pater's writings, faults of this category are few. They are the defects of his sensibility, redeemed by the warmth that a poet's feeling can give to thought under intellectual control. Warmth, fervor, the force of a personal appeal — these are the final justification of the romantic attitude; and after all there is a very real splendor in even this early volume on the Renaissance. It has the beauty of atmosphere, "a beauty wrought out from within — the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions." Its defects are the defects of young writers, outgrown as youth merges into maturity. And while Pater never quite outgrew his fundamental romanticism, as we may see from occasional lapses in "Imaginary Portraits," he did learn to appreciate the value of the classical restraint. A genuine discipline, the slow practice of his art repressed the man of feeling; the poet gave way to the priest of an æsthetic intellectualism. And it is this ideal, pruning away the excesses of his early essays, which we find beneath the measured beauty of "Marius the Epicurean."

How shall an admirer of Pater speak judiciously of "Marius"? How shall we judge this romance of the intellectual life? It is true that "Marius" violates nearly every canon of the novel, yet it is none

the less the finest of Pater's imaginary portraits. Always deeply autobiographical, it represents both sides of its reticent author; in its pages we still find the poet, but the spirit of his apologia is penetrated by a fine reserve. We all know that gracious figure, whose very ardor is touched with ascetic severity, vain seeker of a philosophy that shall satisfy both the artist and the puritan within him. Oxford alone could have produced such a character — the atmosphere of Oxford and the comely measure of its cloistered life. So Marius, after all, is perhaps less an ancient Roman than a type of modern character. What he really shows us is the other side of Pater's nature, the child who loved to play "church" in his tender years, the deeply religious boy of the school-days at Canterbury. That early ideal of a priestly vocation, held to, in fact, until his twentieth year—Pater retained something of it through all the perplexities of his period of intellectual revolt, a true *ascesis*, consonant with those processes of cold philosophic thought that led to his final suspension of judgment, cherished "as if to fit him for that closer vision of truth to which perchance he might be on the way." Like Renan's, Pater's mind remained to the end a *cathédrale desaffectée*. He felt the æsthetic charm of religion, no less than the hero of his novel, and if the final conversion of Marius is a little unconvincing, the attitude involved is surely not so far to seek in the growth of ritualism everywhere in the present day.

A real imaginary portrait, "Marius" moves across a background remarkable for its antiquarian truth. There is a scholar as well as a poet in Walter Pater, quite apart from the more formal scholarship of his "Plato" and "Greek Studies." In "Marius," however, it is less a formal scholarship than a sense of the picturesque that gives color to his backgrounds; they are really choice bits of his travel memories, refined into pictures, always poetic, and grown really atmospheric with the lapse of years. Take for instance the description of "White Nights"—*Ad Vigilias Albas*. It is in such rapid sketches of romantic landscape, seen under broken lights or in strong shadow, that Pater is often at his best; and the result is like a modern etching or pen-drawing. Like the great masters of the line, he knows now to make his accents "tell." Consider his description of a Roman winter, all the luxury and color of its life compressed into five lines: "The habit-makers made a great sale of the spoil of all such furry creatures as had escaped wolves and eagles, for presents at the Saturnalia; *and at no time had the winter roses from Carthage seemed more lustrously yellow and red.*" Here indeed we have the art of the etcher, and the single accent in the picture is as vibrant with color as the blacks of Daniel Vierge.

There are many such bits in "Imaginary Portraits." As portraits, nevertheless, they have a certain unreality, despite the fact that Pater himself sat for most of them. Gaston, Watteau, Duke Carl of Rosenmold,—what are they but the various moods of Pater's mind, so singular in its comtemplative ideals, so unreal against the strenuous life of to-day? Dream-figures all of them, from the wistful Child in the House to Emerald Uthwart, the children of his imagination bear the features of their creator; they are all of them romantic idealists, they are spectators of life, celibates and dreamers every one. The pathos of early death is theirs, and the pathos of failure; they pass across the stage like visions of youth, and leave the memory of a broken cadence in the air.

Nor are the historical characters, the subjects of Pater's "Appreciations," more definitely outlined, except in those aspects of their genius that conform with their author's interests or his varying moods. He is not a great critic, after all. A real critic, a genius like Sainte-Beuve or even Monsieur Anatole France, Pater would undoubtedly have shown a wider critical range. A singular narrowness is traceable in the list of types which attracted him; not one of England's older classics has a place, save Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne; not one of the classic writers of France except the tortured spirit of Pascal. This is the best proof of Pater's romantic tendencies; a writer who speaks of the "insipid ornament" of Racine has not penetrated the spirit of the *Grand Siècle*. His interests, in fine, were elsewhere. Aucassin and Nicolette, Amis and Amiles, the work of Ronsard or of Montaigne, — it was the romantic note, the touch of lyrical or personal quality, that mainly attracted him in his deep love of French literature; and so he passed over the age of classicism to the subjective writers of modern times. We may, of course, set over against this his studies in classical antiquity, so important in any complete study of this writer; but even then we must not forget his insistence upon the romantic aspects of Greek art.

The "Postscript" of "Appreciations" gives us Pater's justification of this æsthetic attitude, and the preface of the volume his theory of style. In this brief article it would be impossible to consider either. Taken together, these essays constitute the most valuable part of his studies in English letters. But the real significance of "Appreciations" lies in its slightness of texture, its inequality to the rest of his published work. In the field of modern literature, Pater's chief interests lay with the Romance countries; the most important part of his criticism deals, not with England, but with France and Italy. His favorite authors, as enumerated by Mr. Wright, are largely French, and quotations from the great French writers slip readily from his pen. This preference is patent even in his English studies; the essay on Wordsworth alone has seven references to the literature of France. In the essay on Style, it is the theory of Flaubert that Pater elaborates; and we know that for many years he translated daily a page from Flaubert or from Sainte-Beuve. How deeply he was influenced by this may be seen in his Gallicisms: "a poem still inedited," "the true intention of the myth"; "the

perfect justice of his style" permits him these infractions; and "what has not been so generally observed as the excellence of his literary criticism," he takes a *naïve* delight in the use of these "morsels" of preciosity. His theory of the absoluteness of art — "art for art's sake" — is an echo of Théophile Gautier, and it was Gautier's practice that taught him his devotion to the dictionary. His idea of romanticism is, in part, Stendhal's, his conception of the function of the humanist that of Sainte-Beuve, while his whole theory of criticism is colored by the writings of the same great Frenchman. No English critic, surely, was ever so permeated by French influence as Walter Pater, and we are not surprised to learn that his summer travels led him, not to Greece, which curiously enough he never visited, but to Italy, and preferably to the grey midland towns of sunny France. His was a Latin temperament refined by an Anglo-Saxon mind.

One might pursue the subject further, and spoil an excellent subject for a doctor's dissertation. But such malevolence should not tempt the reviewer; he will merely indicate the importance of the fact in the appreciation of Pater's influence and place in English letters. We cannot estimate all that our literature has gained from contact with Latin culture and Latin ideals, presented in the work of one who was so faithful to their artistic spirit. We cannot know what Pater has done for us in an age devoted to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Jack London and the charms of journalistic prose. We cannot perceive what the real fineness of his ideal, with its warmth and color and persuasive force, is doing for us in an age tending all too swiftly toward a morality either Stoical or grossly Epicurean, nor whether the "ascesis" involved in a true discipleship will overcome the dangers implied in a literal acceptance of its theory. Fifty years from now, students of literary history will decide these questions. But we can admit the disinterested service of his literary scholarship; we can praise him for resisting the pressure toward facile production and cheaply acquired fame. We can recognize, in fine, the intellectual beauty of his ideal. Will this ideal survive? The future alone can tell. In the increasing organization of a commercial society, in the increasing demands of life for utilitarian art, it may be that we shall come to turn to it as our one chance of freedom, our one chance of escape from the tyranny of industrialism — the pleasures of the intellect and the consolation of the arts. Certainly we cannot read Pater without enriching our own intellectual life. We cannot read him unmoved by his æsthetic rectitude, by his fine reserve towards experience, by his conception of life itself as the highest art. Like Plato, his master, Walter Pater can make us feel a sense of dedication in this devotion to the Highest Beauty, as in the mere regard for fidelity of style to impression he can make us feel the glow of an ethical grace.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN WAR AND POETRY has always been close. Those interested in one have, more than commonly, been interested in the other. Mr. Hudson Maxim's book, "The Science of Poetry," is the latest exemplification of this fact. It proposes to record the author's conquest of criticism and his taming and breaking in of the steed Pegasus. While we have considerable respect for the insight and good sense Mr. Maxim occasionally displays, we doubt very much whether the Sphinx of poetry will sink into the ground at his reading of its riddle. The book bristles with the technicalities of modern science. It starts off with an array of fixed principles all made out of the brain of Herbert Spencer. It would not be difficult for a metaphysician to pick holes in most or all of these; and it is curious that at the moment when many of the world's greatest scientists are taking the back track, a writer should base a study of so immaterial an art as poetry on the positive judgments of evolutionary science. Sir William Crookes, in a recent address before the London Authors' Club, threw up the sponge for the atomic theory. "There is no matter," he admitted. M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, is a convert to "spookism," and the late Cesare Lombroso went down before the proofs of occult phenomena. Some of the greatest science builders of the past were unconvinced by their own discoveries. Pascal, one of the world's great mathematicians, grew to believe that mathematical axioms were baseless assumptions. Newton thought that it was impossible for one body to act upon another at a distance. Faraday urged arguments against his own Conservation of Energy theory. But to Mr. Maxim "the exact sciences have no differences of opinion." He decides that "a living body is a body of matter." He is sure that "consciousness is the sense of the awareness of the other senses." Being a sense it must therefore have extension, form, organs. Has anybody seen it? He bases his psychology on William James's restatement of Locke's *tabula rasa* theory of the human mind, which ignores Leibnitz's amendment of that theory and Kant's confutation of it. Professor James, in the passage quoted, propounds, as unalterable truths, that one born deaf can never be made to imagine what sound is like, and that one born blind can have no mental vision. We have in America to-day a most distinguished contradiction to these laws in the person of a young woman born deaf and dumb and blind, who, to judge from her writings, must be capable of conceiving both sound and image. Mr. Maxim is particularly hard on the inspiration-intoxication theory of poetry which has been held by so many philosophers and poets, from Plato to Byron. He objects that inventors have equal claim to any such divine fire. True; and Stevenson remarked that "neither poetry nor the plastic arts can compete, sir, for a moment with the

finished conduct of a large body of men in the face of an enemy." But though doubtless more important than the organization of poetic genius, no one has yet formulated a law by which great inventors or military commanders may be produced at will. This is what Mr. Maxim has done for poetry; and he exemplifies his "machine method" both by original verses of his own and by amended versions of great passages out of Shakespeare and Milton. We have no wish to criticize these efforts, but we would ask, "How can Mr. Hudson Maxim be sure that he is not the victim of inspiration in producing them?" Poetic frenzy may have slipped in without his noticing it.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF A PRICELESS LIBRARY, containing rare works that can be replaced only at vast expense, other books that cannot be replaced at all, and manuscripts whose loss is obviously irreparable, is always a grievous calamity. In the case of the New York State Library, severely damaged by fire and water on the twenty-ninth of last month, when the twenty-five-million-dollar capitol building at Albany was ravaged by flames, it is not alone the splendid library itself, but also the library school connected with it, that suffers, thus bringing loss and some degree of becripplement to the whole public library system of the country. Probably some weeks or even months must pass before it can be known exactly what portion of the State Library, as well as of the Senate and Assembly libraries, is a total loss. All three collections contained much irreplaceable matter. According to the published statement of the Commissioner of Education, the State Library numbered at the time of the fire six hundred thousand volumes, four hundred thousand pamphlets, and three hundred thousand historical manuscripts. Even allowing for error or considerable exaggeration in these figures, we know that the library was one of the most valuable in the country, its department of genealogical works alone being unequalled, and its early Dutch records having a priceless worth in the eyes of historical writers and scholars. By a fortunate prevision of possible disaster, the Commissioner two years ago transferred from the library to his office safe the original manuscript of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, that of Washington's Farewell Address, also that of the State Constitution, and fifteen or twenty other precious documents, together with the Washington relics owned by the State. A rough estimate of the library's loss of replaceable books and equipment puts it at two million dollars. But it is the destruction of so many unique volumes, pamphlets, and manuscripts, that causes the sorest regret.

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A GREEK SCHOLAR ON MODERN GREEK has uttered a word of interest to all who concern themselves with the question whether it is desirable to learn the tongue now spoken in Athens, in connection with or in preparation for the study of ancient Greek. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, one of the faithful few who have kept up their classics since college days, is moved by the perusal of his London "Hellenic Herald" to lament the deterioration in the noble tongue of Æschylus and Aristotle. In his "Boston Literary Letter" to the Springfield "Republican" he writes: "That gift of effective expression has not descended with the alphabet to the children of renowned sires, — if you call the modern Greeks that. Their language went through stages of descent and transformation; it suffered by being the vehicle of ecclesiastical dogma and controversial Christianity, and then by falling among the medley of barbarian conquerors of the lands from which the once-planted Greek could not be extirpated. He stayed, but he was stripped and bound and flogged, like the victim of banditti elsewhere; and the same that happened to the man in scripture travelling from Jerusalem to Jericho, or to poor Poe captured by roughs and plug-uglies in Baltimore, befell the Greek language also. Its fine draping garments were stolen, and a mass of fustian and tatters was substituted. The good Samaritans, who took pity on the fallen dialect, did what they could, but their oil and wine were not always of the best sort." Mr. Sanborn admits that the spirit of poetry still lingers in the Greece of to-day, and he finds the language of her modern poets less sadly degenerate than that of her prose writers. But the charm of modern Greek, so far as it has charm, lies for most persons in its startling resemblance, in general aspect at least, and on the printed page, to the language of Homer three thousand years ago.

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MRS. HOWE'S "HIPPOLYTUS," which was presented at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on the afternoon of March 24, by Miss Margaret Anglin and a selected company, for the benefit of the Howe memorial fund, has a rather interesting history. Written half a century ago for immediate production, and specially adapted to the abilities of Edwin Booth, who was to have played the title *rôle*, and of Charlotte Cushman, who was to have taken the part of Phædra, its rehearsals were suddenly discontinued because of jealousies on the stage — that of the old Howard Athenæum — concerning the assignment of the Phædra to Miss Cushman. The wife of the manager coveted the distinction of appearing in that character, and the resulting discord resulted in the play's being dropped, in Mrs. Howe's writing no more for the cantankerous player-folk, and in the near-loss to the world of a noble effort in dramatic poetry. The piece remained unpublished and all but forgotten until Miss Anglin reminded Mrs. Howe of its existence, asked permission to read it, and undertook to bring it out. Of the play itself, which is not at all a slavish imitation of either Euripides or Racine, it appears that no triumphant run, whether in Mrs. Howe's own city or elsewhere, can be hoped for it; but it is a more than creditable piece of work, and its blank verse rises at times to a dignity and beauty

that increase our admiration for its gifted author. To be retired to the quiet company of the "closet" dramas is by no means the worst conceivable fate. What were Tennyson and Longfellow and Browning, in this respect, but "closet" dramatists?

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A NEW DEPARTMENT IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, or at least one not noted by us before, comes to our attention in scanning the pages of the "Fourteenth Annual Report of the Buffalo Public Library." In addition to the rooms for adult readers and book-borrowers, and the now indispensable children's room, the Buffalo librarian, Mr. Walter L. Brown, reports on the work and the progress of the Intermediate Department. "This," he says, "is intended for the young people from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and the books are performing a very useful service in introducing them to many authors not found in the children's collections." It is further added, in connection with the work of this department, that "the head of the Children's Room, with some of her assistants, has visited the department stores in the neighborhood of the main building, and has invited the young boys and girls employed there to spend their noon hour in the Library. Many who had not before used the Library are to be found there." Obviously it is among the "intermediates," those passing through the critical and impressionable period of adolescence, that there is an unequalled opportunity for effective and beneficent work on the part of those striving to increase the patronage and enlarge the usefulness of the public library. We should be inclined, however, to extend the scope of the new department and to let it include boys and girls up to the age of eighteen — or say, even, all those that are in their 'teens.

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NEW LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, to the number of some hundred and fifty, will be embodied in the forthcoming definitive edition of all the letters of R. L. S., upon which Mr. Sidney Colvin has long been at work. In this new edition, comprising four volumes of medium size, the two separate series of "Letters to his Family and Friends" and "Vailima Letters," together with those hitherto unpublished, will be combined and rearranged in chronological order. A pleasant foretaste of the new letters is offered to readers of the April "Scribner's," which contains an even dozen of them, with running comment by Mr. Colvin. The specimen letters are widely varied in date and manner, from a lively narrative of an early trip to Staffa, Iona, and Earraid, and a whimsical analysis of "philosophical carelessness," to the suggestion of a design for his tomb sent to Mr. Colvin, and the forcedly cheerful note to James Walter Ferrier written just after a dangerous illness in San Francisco. "Humanly attractive and companionable" are Mr. Colvin's adjectives for the Stevenson letters, new and old, and we cannot better them. The geniality of the man breathes through the new letters as through everything else he wrote. And so the epitaph he composed for himself at the Bohemian Club in 1880 has been realized in the happiest sense: "You, who pass this grave, put aside hatred; love kindness; be all services remembered in your heart and all offences pardoned; and as you go down again among the living, let this be your question: can I make some one happier this day before I lie down to sleep?"

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A FRENCH E. P. ROE has been discovered by the Paris literary correspondent of the New York "Times" in the person of that highly readable novelist whose "Ironmaster" is held in agreeable remembrance by many American readers of middle age. Mr. A. F. Sanborn writes: "Georges Ohnet occupies a position somewhat akin to that which E. P. Roe occupied in America a generation ago. His novels usually rank among the 'best sellers,' but they are not taken seriously in literary circles. M. Ohnet obviously chafes under this literary ostracism — the more so that he was regarded, at the outset of his career, as a writer of much promise; and, now and again, he makes a strenuous effort to strike out in a new direction, in the hope of lifting the ban. Such an effort was his 'Route Rouge,' in which he essayed, three or four years ago, to make a serious study of the vexed social problem. Such another effort is his recent historical novel, 'Pour Tuer Bonaparte' . . " Which is worse, to be taken without seriousness by the critics, but with seriousness, and engerness, too, by the great reading public; or to be taken with seriousness by the critics, but without seriousness, and perhaps not at all, by the reading public? Tastes differ, and there are writers who would dislike to find themselves in the same class with the "best sellers"; but there are also writers — as for example, Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine — who, we imagine, would think twice before exchanging their pecuniarily profitable popularity for any amount of unremunerative seriousness at the hands of critics.

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THE DEMAND FOR TRAINED LIBRARIANS has not yet been exceeded by the supply, and is not likely soon to be thus exceeded. The library-school graduate does not have to hang out his "shingle" and wait weary weeks and months for things to move his way. He commonly steps from his (or more often *her*) commencement platform right into a comfortable, even though seldom generously remunerative, position that often has been waiting some time for a properly qualified incumbent. In the current report of the Carnegie Library at Atlanta it is announced that the library training school of that institution has, in the five years of its existence, graduated fifty-two pupils, all of whom (excepting four who preferred either some other occupation or matrimony) are now pursuing the calling for which they were trained, a good number having found positions in the South. Twenty-two are in public

libraries, and seventeen in college and normal school libraries. "The list of trained librarians in Southern educational institutions," writes Miss Rankin, the Atlanta librarian, "is particularly gratifying to all who are interested in the cause of education in the South. It shows a most commendable desire on the part of the authorities in charge, to build up the libraries and make them vital parts of the work of the schools, which have in the past been greatly handicapped by the lack of just such facilities."

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A WOUND TO THE PRIDE OF THE DICKENS FAMILY has been inflicted by the widely circulated report in connection with the centenary Dickens stamp, that the novelist's descendants, or the majority of them, are in circumstances the reverse of affluent. Mr. Henry F. Dickens now feels it incumbent on his father's son to protest against this false assumption of a pecuniary need which the proceeds of the stamp sale are to relieve. He had been assured, at the beginning of the beneficent enterprise, that the plan was simply to make a tardy atonement for injustice wrought by defective copyright laws, as a fitting observance of the novelist's centenary. And of course it is this country that has been regarded as the chief offender in holding back all these years the thousands of dollars in royalties that should have gone to Dickens and his heirs. It is some comfort to learn, from the researches of Mr. Labouchere in "Truth," that the author so grievously defrauded left an estate amounting to the handsome total of ninety-three thousand pounds, besides a fund of good proportions set apart under trustees for a special purpose. It is also reassuring to be told once more that though there are some needy persons in the Dickens clan (for every family has its poor relations), most of the descendants of him whose birthday we celebrate are well-to-do.

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HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER is a question that puzzles many, and among them a recent contributor to "Collier's Weekly." In an article on "The Rewards of Writing" he sorrowfully relates his own meagrely remunerative experiences of twenty years, and pathetically exclaims, "I do wish somebody would tell me how to break into the promised land." A reply is elicited in another journal from a penman who complacently describes his rapid rise from three-quarters of a cent per word to five cents, and his sanguine hopes of several additional cents in the near future. And writing is not his vocation, either, but his avocation — his evening amusement. Nevertheless he earns by his pen two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and has been writing only half as many years as the unsuccessful writer whom he is telling how to do it. He reads assiduously, spending as many hours thus as in writing; and after that it is all as easy as standing behind a counter and selling ribbon by the yard, and also considerably more dignified and remunerative. "I have placed articles and stories," he says, "with 35-cent magazines, 15-centers, 10-centers, and juveniles. I have run serials in newspapers and I have written special articles for magazine supplements. I began at three-quarters of a cent a word, lingered at that rate for a considerable period, passed to a cent, then to two cents, then to three, and some time ago I reached the point where I could make the rate of five cents a word for adult fiction and three cents a word for juvenile material, and get it." He is a diligent reader of the classics, and he treats us, in closing, to the following: "*Ars longa, vita breva.*" At last we have revealed the secret, if not of genius, at least of literary success (in the market).

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MR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S FAITH IN FAIRIES is attested in an interesting study of the "little people" in a recent number of "The English Review." "I should like to think that I was to be the man to write upon this subject seriously," says Mr. Hewlett, expounding his ideal fairy book,— based not on literature, not on out-worn traditions like the fairy godmother, not on the pathetic fallacy that man is the centre of the universe, but on experience and a high, fine sense of the mysteries that lie all about us. Mr. Hewlett has found fairies asleep, "and so profoundly that my clumsy tread or breath has not awakened them." He has seen a fairy playing with a rabbit in a wood. He has heard of many authentic marriages between fairies and mortals, and knows the laws that govern the transmission of the fairy nature. Fairies "are as swift as swallows on the wing, but not so immersed in business; they are as inconsequent as bats at dusk, but not so seemingly frivolous. These distinctions are subtle, yet very necessary to be made; and to any one who has seen fairies they will appeal immediately as being just." All this is tantalizing. If Mr. Hewlett is not ready to devote himself to the writing of the great book of the fairies, he might at least tell us more of his fairy visions — unless he is afraid of invoking the wrath of the "little people" by betraying their secrets to blind and dull-eared humans.

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A "COMPLETE WORKS" DEPARTMENT has been established in the Dubuque Public Library. Library workers will be interested in the official report that this department is placed next to the fiction section and serves as a wholesome enticement away from exclusive novel-reading to the study of other works. "The separate volumes are classified as individual books," explains the librarian, "but each one is marked below with the volume number of the complete set. In this way they may later find their places on the shelves in the general collection, but for the time being will be kept together as complete works. This experiment was begun last year, and the results have been very satisfactory. The increase in circulation of the works other than fiction is noticeable, and many of the Library readers have formed the habit of going to the complete works shelves for their books. The interest aroused by

the reading of one of the books in a set usually leads to a request for something else by the same author." These are all standard authors, in attractive and serviceable editions, and include at present (we copy the list) "Aldrich, Brontë, Burns, Dickens, Dumas, Harte, Hawthorne, Hugo, Irving, Lever, Longfellow, Lowell, Macaulay, Poe, Smollett, Stevenson, Stowe, and Warner."

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THE LAST OF FOUR GIFTED BROTHERS, Henry Mitchell Whitney, librarian of the James Blackstone Memorial Library of Branford, Conn., died at the age of sixty-eight on the 26th of last month. Son of Josiah Dwight Whitney of Northampton, Mass., and brother to Josiah Dwight, Jr., William Dwight, and James Lyman Whitney, he was manifestly destined to win success in some walk of life. As a matter of fact he acquitted himself well in three or four professions, serving with credit in the Civil War, after that entering the Congregational ministry and filling several successive pastorates, including one at Geneva, Ill., and one at Beloit, Wis., holding the professorship of English literature in Beloit College from 1871 to 1899, and having charge of the public library at Branford from the latter date until his sudden death in New Haven from heart failure three weeks ago. It appears in reviewing the enviable record of this gifted New England family that three out of the four brothers held college professorships while contributing in other ways to the cause of learning or letters, and two of them — James Lyman and the subject of this note — turned finally to librarianship and ended their days in that calling after rendering noteworthy service to the profession.

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THE GREATEST AUCTION-SALE OF BOOKS ever known is about to begin at Anderson's in New York, where the first part of the famous Hoe library will come under the hammer on the twenty-fourth of this month. From then until the fifth of May two sessions will be held daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. More than three thousand five hundred lots will be disposed of in that period, the entire collection comprising about sixteen thousand titles. It is in respect to the probable proceeds of this sale that we have used the word "greatest." There are said to be as many as ten books and manuscripts that will undoubtedly bring more than ten thousand dollars each, and foremost among these is the vellum copy of the Gutenberg Latin Bible printed by Gutenberg and Fust at Maintz in 1450–55. It is described as bound in two folio volumes, in contemporary oak boards covered with pigskin. Its only defect is the substitution of two leaves in facsimile. At the Perkins sale in 1873 this work was sold for seventeen thousand dollars, and at the Ashburnham sale twenty-four years later it brought twenty thousand. It will be offered on the first day of the coming sale.

AN INTERESTING LITERARY LAWSUIT, wherein M. Anatole France is the defendant, presents a new legal problem. In 1882 this author, then far less famous than now, sold to a publisher the manuscript of a two-volume history of France. Last November the first proofs of the work were sent to the author for correction, but they have not yet been returned to the publisher, who is urgent in his demand that either they shall be sent back to him properly revised or permission be granted to issue the work without the author's corrections of proof. Naturally enough M. France has found his ideas and opinions of twenty-nine years ago not identical with those he holds to-day; and he refuses to sanction this belated appearance of his youthful production. Doubtless the notable increase in the author's fame since that far-off date of the purchase of his manuscript has influenced the publisher in his recent action, and it would seem hard if he should not be allowed to realize a little profit, however tardily, from his investment. On the other hand, the author's reluctance to have the book appear as a new work from his pen is not to be wondered at. The best solution of the difficulty might be a thorough revision of the book, with that additional compensation to which the author's present vogue should entitle him in the book market.

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HOW TO MAKE THE MAGAZINE FUND GO AS FAR AS POSSIBLE is an important question with most individual purchasers and with all libraries and certain other public institutions. A help toward the selection of periodicals is furnished by the Connecticut Public Library Committee in the sixty-sixth number of its so-called Documents. "Suggestive List of Periodicals" is the title of the leaflet, which contains the names of fifty-four publications of various sorts, classified under the heading "Basis for Selection for Magazines, in Order of Importance, in Relation to Cost." The list should prove useful to libraries of moderate means, the selections being made with regard not only to the current interest and value of the periodicals, but also to their usefulness as works of reference when bound. The names chosen are grouped under ten heads, — "For Children," "For Women," "For Men," "General Literature," "Literary Magazines," and other captions.

A CENSORSHIP OF FICTION, AND SOME OTHER MATTERS.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

London, April 5, 1911.

It is now more than a year since the Liberal Government, led by a variety of causes which have never been accurately determined, instituted a Joint Select Committee of the two Houses of Parliament to enquire into the then pressing question of the Censorship of Stage Plays. In this country the Lord Chamberlain, an officer of the Royal Household, is responsible for the morality and respectability of the plays produced, for in the old days the

players themselves were part of the king's private household. At least, I presume that this is the reason for the Lord Chamberlain's having this peculiar and sometimes rather delicate task on his hands. Not that he attends to the matter himself: it is delegated to another officer, known as the Examiner of Plays, who had absolute power to forbid the performance of any dramatic work that failed to come up to his standard of what was seemly. This important post has been filled of late years by Mr. G. A. Redford; before him, if I remember rightly, it was held by a Mr. Piggott, — but that was so long ago that I may possibly spell his name wrong. Against the amiability, morality, and general capability of these gentlemen even censored dramatists have said remarkably little; but it has been urged, with some show of reason, that the power they possess is too great for any one man to wield: that they have often, in Biblical phrase, strained at gnats while cheerfully swallowing camels; and that, in short, the man who should fill such a difficult position satisfactorily would need a combination of qualities never hitherto discoverable in the person of a single individual. Some suggested recourse to that last refuge of the Englishman in a difficulty — a committee; others, more bold, proposed the abolition of the office altogether. Public opinion was aroused on the subject; there were many private gentlemen anxious to ventilate their views in letters to the press; Mr. Harcourt, a young and clever member of the Liberal party, took the matter under his wing, — and the Select Committee mentioned above was the result.

In Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest volume, "The Doctor's Dilemma," published two weeks ago, may be found a preface dealing at considerable length with the action of this Select Committee. Like all Mr. Shaw's prefaces, it makes very interesting and piquant reading, and gives incidentally a reasonable statement of his own views on the whole question of censorship. His own play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," had come under the ban of the censorship, and he himself was one of the numerous witnesses called upon to give evidence before the committee. I cannot but think that the liberty of the drama might have gained if Mr. Shaw could have been quietly hocussed and kept in bed while these examinations were proceeding; for it is evident from his own amusing account of the matter that so ardent a revolutionary frightened the committee out of all its judicial calm. Mr. Shaw, not content with oral evidence, must needs prepare and present to this august body a pamphlet setting forth his opinions on liberty in general; and no doubt some of the committee heard in his sentences the prophetic rumble of twentieth-century tumbrils. It was clear, at any rate, that the majority regarded Mr. Shaw as a very dangerous person: they returned him his printed statement and refused to examine him further; and in the end published a lengthy report and ceased from their labors, leaving things, for all practical purposes, just where they were before. That is to say, they recommended that the Censor's permission should no longer be obligatory, but they coupled with this such suggestions that no manager of a theatre in his senses would dare to produce a play without that permission. As Mr. Shaw points out, the license of the Censor is the cheapest and most efficient insurance possible against subsequent trouble, and any manager who neglected to secure it would be a fool for his pains.

This agitation simmered for a while and then died down, as such agitations do, but it left a legacy. Since that committee retired from active service there has been a distinct recrudescence of energy on the part of those busy people who are in favor of Morality by Act of Parliament. There was a Censor of the Drama, — why should there not be also a Censor of Fiction? Certain novels had been coming out which the press declared to have a vicious and immoral tendency. Mr. Wells produced "Ann Veronica," and the "Spectator," that eminently sober and respectable weekly which still possesses a large circulation among lovers of domestic animals, gave it a slashing review in two heavy columns. At once there was another rush on the correspondence columns of the daily press, and wives of clergymen, headmasters of preparatory schools, and others demanded loudly that these things should be stopped. Something had to be done in the face of this outcry, and the chief circulating libraries stepped into the breach and instituted a little censorship of their own. During the last year or so certain novels have been banned at the libraries, and in consequence have sold considerably more copies than if no library censorship had been in operation. Evidently this plan has not produced the effect desired and expected by its promoters. Something more drastic is required before the stream of fiction can be purified.

Great public movements are almost invariably initiated in this country by a letter to the "Times," and a few days ago a large and influential body, consisting of four peers, four members of the House of Commons, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and about half a dozen headmasters, wrote to that eminent journal to suggest means for preventing the sale of a certain sort of fiction. In the end they wish to procure legislation; in the meanwhile they hope (in the grandiloquent phrase employed by the framers of printed correspondence) to "bring a wholesome pressure to bear" upon publishers, — a pressure, I understand them to signify, that shall be wholesome to the general public rather than to the unhappy publishers. In short, they propose unashamedly a Censorship of Books, — a reimposition of that "imprimatur" that provided Milton with the theme of his "Areopagitica." On the face of it, this seems a curiously retrograde step for anyone to propose in the twentieth century. But the signatories of the document have at least the courage of their opinions. They boldly state their conviction that matter which is "unfit for the perusal of a modest girl" must likewise do "untold harm to the

moral character of all readers." Briefly, this is the Early Victorian view of the "Young Person," which we had hardly expected to see revived in the days of the fifth George. I cannot believe that the proposal will have any serious consequences, except to promote a certain amount of rather uninteresting correspondence in the public press. Possibly it may induce the police authorities, who are already armed with sufficient powers, to take proceedings against one or two publishers for issuing indecent literature. If we could have any confidence in their judgment on such points, few of us would grieve over that.

I confess I have often wished that something could be done to check the publication of trash, moral or immoral. The appalling rubbish that litters the bookstalls of our railway stations at the present time helps us to realise the degradation of modern taste. To improve this condition of things the only sensible way is to wait for that taste to improve. It will improve as time goes on, I have little doubt. Free education has produced a generation who can read but are incapable of literary criticism, incapable even of following the intricacies of a sentence or paragraph more than a line or two in length. This is the first crop, so to speak; future generations will, we hope and believe, have acquired the rudiments of sound judgment: they will begin where their fathers left off. In the meantime no sane man proposes that the publication of silly rubbish should be arbitrarily stopped, because we all recognize the immense difficulty of drawing the line, of saying at what point the mediocre sinks into the worthless. Yet, compared with the difficulty of deciding between morality and immorality, this is as nothing. "An attack on morals," writes Mr. Shaw, "may turn out to be the salvation of the race," and he points out that a hundred years ago nobody could have foreseen that Tom Paine's centenary would one day be the subject of a laudatory article in the "Times." Who can decide to-day what the civilization of the twenty-first century may think of the works, say, of Mr. Wells or of Mr. Shaw? Yet the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the six headmasters who associate themselves with her in this letter would almost certainly place "Ann Veronica" upon their *Index Expurgatorius*, to say nothing of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet." We cannot afford to have our standard of good literature fixed by this self-appointed committee, large and influential as it undoubtedly is.

We cannot take their opinion; but neither could we take the opinion on this subject of the most enlightened committee procurable in the country. All censorship is bad; but of two evils a stupid censor is probably more endurable, less likely to do much harm, than a clever one. The latter would detect subtleties that might escape the former's notice. An acute reader of plays would almost inevitably have forbidden the performance of Ibsen's works; the actual reader (I forget whether it was Mr. Redford or his predecessor) contented himself with the prohibition of "Ghosts," which Mr. Shaw considers the least subversive of the Ibsen dramas. And in the same way, if we are to have any official censorship of books all lovers of good literature will pray for the appointment of some amiable but obtuse Philistine to that office. We should be content with the suppression of the obvious. And, as a matter of fact, no other appointment would be possible. A man of any intellectual calibre would certainly be driven mad by a single quarter's conscientious work, examining the autumn output of books for cunningly concealed scraps of false doctrine.

E. H. Lacon Watson.

COMMUNICATIONS.

JANE AUSTEN AND WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Nearly one hundred years ago (in 1817) there was laid to rest in the nave of Winchester Cathedral a gifted woman who has been rightly called "the mother of the nineteenth century novel." Upon the black marble slab which marks the spot is inscribed the name: "Jane Austen."

Of late years, as is well known, the noble fabric that enshrines her remains has been in great jeopardy, its very foundations in peril. Colossal efforts for its preservation have already been made, but the need is great, and much work must still be done to secure the safety of this precious inheritance.

Among the many memories by which its stones cry out to us for help is its association with the talented novelist, so witty and so wise, who first portrayed for us in faithful word-pictures the everyday of life. She has long held a warm place in the hearts of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but so far there has been no outward expression of this wide-spread appreciation. The time for it has now arrived. Will all who admire her delicate *genre* painting contribute for her sake their quota towards the work of restoring the stately old Cathedral, — just a pebble, as it were, that the cairn so raised in her honor may be not only a tribute to Jane Austen's genius, but the dead Jane Austen's tribute to the Minster she loved?

Contributions of "pebbles" large or small, will be willingly received and acknowledged by

(Mrs.) M. G. Murray Lane.

St. Anthony's, Weybridge, Surrey, England,
April 5, 1911.

ONOMATOPOETICS.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

Your reference in a recent issue to the mispronunciation "aw-ry" reminds me of two or three similar mispronunciations which I fell into as an omnivorous reader while a lad without opportunity to standardize my pronunciation aurally. One of these mispronunciations, "rye-bald" for "rib-ald," has a strong onomatopoetic quality, more suggestive and effective than the traditional and correct pronunciation. "Boolk" is also a much larger, fuller, and heavier word than "bulk." Altogether, these onomatopoetic mispronunciations appeal strongly to that not inconsiderable class who speak "by ear" rather than by note.

Caswell A. Mayo.

New York, April 8, 1911.

The New Books.

A Soul's Struggle into the Light.*

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. To many the little book of her soul's history which Mrs. John Albee has sent out into the world will have no meaning, and it will touch in them no responsive chord; but there are others, not a few, to whom "The Gleam" will come as a veritable flash of light, a searching ray revealing to their awed gaze some of the unsuspected secrets of their inmost selves. And if the lesson the book teaches is read aright, it will brace and strengthen and purify the soul of the reader.

It is a lifelong search for truth, religious and moral, artistic, economic, hygienic, that Mrs. Albee's autobiography relates. Born under the old dispensation, she has slowly worked her way out into a larger environment and a freer atmosphere. She has had psychic experiences and telepathic adventures that might have turned a less sanely practical person to professional clairvoyance and all its accompanying deception of self and others. The late Professor James became interested in her peculiar sensitiveness to certain occult influences, and has quoted some of her experiences in his lectures. But this is merely by the way. Her mental and spiritual unfolding, her growth into an increasing perception of beauty in nature and in art, her work in the field of design in industrial art (notably her starting of the rural rug-making industry), and her active interest in the arts-and-crafts movement, form the body and substance of her life-history, which is set forth with a simple directness and at the same time with a becoming reticence and restraint that make her pages nothing short of fascinating to a sympathetic reader. Her later chapters gain a further interest and beauty from the writer's whole-hearted and at times heroic devotion to a husband threatened with death in one of its most dreaded forms. And the isolation of the two in a little mountain town of New Hampshire made even more harrowing the harsh experiences through which they passed. The reader's interest in Mr. Albee, the friend of Emerson and the author of a book of reminiscences of the Concord sage, strengthens the appeal of Mrs. Albee's narrative. A few passages from her pen will be all that is here needed to send the discerning reader to the autobiography itself. She refers often to the inner life and the higher self, — that part of the inmost being that every introspective person is conscious of as superior to the vicissitudes of this earthly lot. Near the end of her book she writes:

"Do you long for a richer experience and a true knowledge of the inner life? Are you ready to give real effort and time and study to secure them? Have you regarded your soul growth as you do astronomy, mathematics, or any science, and devoted years to its development; or have you passively waited, hoping that the kingdom of heaven would take you by storm, or that in some miraculous hour this inner world would somehow burst upon your dull mind like a vision? You will wait in vain if thus you expect to pluck the flower of the Spirit. 'Strive to enter in; for strait is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be who find it,' says the great Teacher. The trouble is that many are incredulous of the reality and value of the higher experiences, and consequently to them they are not worth any effort. 'Philosophy bakes no bread,' says Novalis, and the business man may add: spiritual insight does not pay the grocery bill, and is therefore unprofitable from the worldly estimate. When you reach the point of absolute hunger that cannot be satisfied on the lower plane, then you will yield all for the pearl of great price. You will allow no obstacle to interfere; you must and will have communion at any sacrifice."

Mrs. Albee in her childhood refused to accept without question the approved forms and methods of the good people about her. Looking back upon an unhappy attempt to "convert" her before she was old enough to know the meaning of sin, she writes:

"Growth is mysterious and sacred. Once I sought to open very gently, but forcibly, a water lily that had closed before I had a chance to make a sketch of it, and found it impossible. The next morning all the other lilies had unfolded naturally in their snowy perfection save the one I had tried to force, and there it floated bruised and blackened and hopelessly mangled by my too eager fingers. Does not the prying hand of the zealous proselyter thwart the natural development, and give a false direction to a budding soul? The sad part of it is that the results of these unconscious brutalities never recoil upon the offender; they arouse sensitive youth not to any real self-knowledge, but to a premature, morbid self-analysis. For several years I suffered the full reaction from the spiritual shock."

Later in life Mrs. Albee received with enthusiasm certain suggestions offered by writers on what has been called the "New Thought." They seem to have brought her an exhilarating sense of new powers of mind and will; but the restraint she exercises in referring to the subject proves that she did not allow herself to be swept off her feet. The following passage illustrates her belief in the efficacy of a cheerful and confident faith in the future:

*The Gleam. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"We undertook to make a summer home out of an old abandoned farmhouse, and with neither ready money nor sufficient furniture at our command, it seemed almost as if we summoned things out of a clear sky, as if we had gained control of the genii of the lamp and ring, who fulfilled our wishes. What we required came in prompt and orderly fashion. There was no miracle about it, no prayer to high heaven, no outward mention of our need; but, through natural ordinary channels, results came."

Mrs. Albee is widely known for the Abnákee rug industry, wherewith she has brought a new interest and a fresh perception of beauty into the monotonous lives of many women living in the country—and all without any desire or prospect of pecuniary gain for herself. In building up this industry she has encountered formidable obstacles and had some extremely trying experiences. But in this as in all other portions of her active and useful life she has been cheered and strengthened by "the gleam" of a light not seen on sea or land, but very real and unmistakable to the inner eye trained to perceive it. It is almost an irrelevance, or an impertinence, to note regretfully, in closing, some lack of care in the revision of the author's manuscript. A few slight corrections we wish might have been made, to render the manner of the book as excellent as its matter. But it is most cordially to be recommended to those to whom it is dedicated, — "those who seek truth and fearlessly follow the light."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

LET US HAVE PEACE!*

That the annexation of rich lands, new ports, or wealthy industrial areas does not make a nation, or its individuals, the richer; that it is impossible for one nation to confiscate the property of another, or to exact tribute; that Japan is the poorer for her victory, and Russia the richer for defeat; that the indemnity extorted from France after the Franco-Prussian war caused the recipient as much damage as it did the nation that paid it; that a thousand millions sterling indemnity paid by England to Germany in the case of a German victory would not enrich Germany, but would only embarrass her national life; that colonies are an economic disadvantage, and that the power of the mother country over them is really less than the power she exercises over independent countries; that there is no connection between military or political leadership and economic supremacy, and that militarism is not a source of economic prosperity, but an effect of it; that the use of force is as harmful to the victor as to the vanquished; that war makes for the survival of the unfittest in every respect, not the fittest; that human nature is not unchanging; — these are some of the paradoxical theses that Mr. Norman Angell vigorously maintains in "The Great Illusion." He is thinking mostly of England and Germany, but his arguments concern all "fully civilized rival nations in fully occupied territory." "The fact of conquering such territory," he says, "gives the conqueror no material advantages which he could not have had without conquest."

Why, then, the present maintenance and increase of armaments? Because the world is the pitiful victim of the Great Illusion that military strength and political influence have to do with economic advantage. And why are men so blind as not to recognize the mistake that is undermining national and individual happiness? Simply because they are under the spell of the idea that a State is analogous to a person, and are deluded by the use of an obsolete terminology, unaware that the conduct of the world's life has so changed during the last half century as to render war among enlightened nations not only needless, but actually impossible. In remote times a State may have been homogeneous enough to resemble a person, and property may have been administered in such a way as not to be out of the reach of the invader, and this may still be true among uncivilized nations; but it is not true of the civilized nations of to-day, whose commercial relations are so intricate and interdependent, and whose possessions, both public and private, are so largely in the form of paper, and therefore so intangible, that war would be the height of economic folly.

Mr. Angell is thus concerned chiefly with the economic effect of militarism. He starts with the bald assumption that self-interest is the basic and controlling influence in social morality. Convince the world that war does not pay, and the greatest of all measures has been taken to promote disarmament and universal peace. Even in the second part of the book, where he turns his attention to "The Human Nature of

* THE GREAT ILLUSION. A Study of the Relation of Military Power in Nations to their Economic and Social Advantage. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WAR AND ITS ALLEGED BENEFITS. By J. Novicow. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WAR OR PEACE? A Present-Day Duty and a Future Hope. By General Hiram M. Chittenden. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

the Case," and where he leaves unchallenged and unrefuted almost no contention of the militarist, his argument is nevertheless based principally upon economics, and the reader finds himself not quite satisfied that the psychology of war has received the consideration it deserves; he hopes that Mr. Angell is right, and for the most part believes that he is, but cannot help entertaining a degree of sympathy with the international banker who said to Mr. Angell: "I do not know what people go to war about, but I am quite sure it is not about business."

A second defect in Mr. Angell's presentation, if we may criticize without incurring the charge of hostility to the cause which he represents, is that he does not take sufficient account of private economic selfishness as a cause of militarism. Nations as a whole may gain nothing by militarism, and the rank and file of the people may lose by it; but those who think have more than a lively suspicion that individual citizens in considerable numbers reap immense profit from war and war preparation. We are assured by one authority that in England one person in six is financially interested in militarism. Mr. Angell's book leaves us with the impression that armaments and war are almost wholly due to the policies of patriotic and well-meaning, but economically ignorant and slow-minded, statesmen. Judging, too, from the expressions of which he makes liberal use in his references to them — "moonshine," "fustian," "rhetoric," "nonsense," "blatant," "profound illusion," "gross misreading of all the facts in the case," "simply a parrot-like repetition of catch-phrases which lack common sense and fly in the face of facts of everyday experience," — the proper education of statesmen would seem a task almost as difficult as the eradication of selfishness from the hearts of stockholders and high-salaried officials. Fortunately, however, both causes are so plainly operative that we need not take the trouble to make a choice.

In the compact little book of J. Novicow, Vice-President of the International Institute of Sociology, entitled "War and Its Alleged Benefits," the argument is more evenly distributed, though hardly more comprehensive. Physiological, political, intellectual, and moral effects of war are as fully considered as economic effects, the whole briefly and concisely. The psychology of war, and antagonism and solidarity, are other topics. War is asserted to be no real solution of difficulties.

"From the year 1500 B.C. to 1860 A.D. more than 8000 treaties of peace meant to remain in force forever were concluded. The average time they remained in force is two years. . . . If war is able to decide differences, how is it that 8000 wars have settled nothing, and that in this year of our Lord we feel the necessity for the eight thousand and first war?"

Novicow, too, finds no difficulty in toppling over the arguments of the militarist by employing "the mere say-so of ordinary common sense," and exclaims much over the ignorance of those whose views he combats. The truth of his general conclusions is indisputable, but the cocksureness of some of his detailed proof begets the impression that the next writer of a textbook on logic would not find vain here a search for the example of fallacy. The pronounced spirit with which both he and Mr. Angell deliver their opinions adds to the inherent interest of their subject, but will hardly conciliate the opposition, and is not without its undesirable effect upon even the friendly reader; but perhaps the increase of interest will compensate for the slight loss of sympathy.

It gives us pleasure to turn to a third anti-militarist work, the volume entitled "War or Peace," by General Chittenden, of the United States Army, — a calm and well-balanced discussion which will command the respect and the sympathy of every reader. General Chittenden does not approach the economic phase of war with the keenness of the specialist, but his measured words are sprung of a thoughtful life of practical experience in the military service of his country. Under the caption, "Mistaken Sanctions," he disposes effectively of the various time-honored justifications of war. With Mr. Angell, he insists "that the whole argument for permanent peace rests upon the fact that the future of war *cannot* be judged from its past. . . . War has outlived its usefulness." Next, he proceeds to the condemnation of war as a destroyer of morality, life, and wealth, and in the succeeding chapter discusses the relation of war preparation to national prosperity and to the maintenance of peace. The destruction of the best lives of the nation is properly made one of the strongest grounds for condemnation.* "The Rationale of War," "The Present Duty," and "The Future Hope" are the subjects of the remaining chapters, which are all informed by the same reasonable, sane, and courteous spirit. General Chittenden is positive in his convictions, but he is no sentimentalist; he looks his enemy in the face and vanquishes him fairly and squarely, like a

*See President Jordan's excellent "War and Manhood," in the "Popular Science Monthly," December, 1910.

soldier and a gentleman. The familiar class who are unwilling to grant any concession whatever to an opponent, and who are not satisfied with the judicial, open-minded consideration of questions in which they are emotionally interested, may be offended to find him saying that war in the past has not been without certain benefits, though he distinguishes the future from the past; but those who do not believe that the cause of peace may be helped either by suppressing the truth or by raising the voice to a shout will be pleased with his book and proud of their countryman.

Conscious that something positive and constructive is expected of them, both Mr. Angell and General Chittenden devote some space to the consideration of the present duty of their respective nations. Their recommendations are identical, and come like dashes of cold water after the warmth engendered by the glowing argument which precedes. "So long as current political philosophy in Europe remains what it is," says the former, "I would not urge the reduction of our war budget by a single sovereign or a single dollar." "Disarmament by this government in advance of other great powers," says General Chittenden, "would be an unwise — a perilous — policy. The true line of duty is to maintain and even increase our military and naval strength, and this on the grounds (1) of prudent provision against possible danger, and (2) of strengthening the position of the United States as a power for peace." So long as statesmen, or the parties that force leadership upon them, still base their reasoning on the assumption that the State is a person and can benefit by conquest, a nation that should reduce its armament would invite the onslaughts of the unscrupulous. In a word, both authors are in agreement with the correspondent who recently wrote the present reviewer: "I have observed that a good big, fat, sleek, young, active, well-fed bulldog can generally saunter down the walk without being much damaged by the horde of yelping curs that infest the hedges; and I have always remarked that a poor, sick, weak, and feeble dog is likely to be torn in pieces."

This is not to give up the struggle for disarmament, however. Mr. Angell continues with practical suggestions for the future, and General Chittenden adds an inspiring chapter on "The Future Hope." The campaign for the enlightenment of public opinion is to go on; the mutual understanding of the rank and file of different nations is to be broadened and deepened by educating them to a consciousness of their common interests. Before this treatment the war policy will gradually die away, as naturally and completely as the policy of religious persecution died in its time.

To this campaign of enlightenment these three books are a magnificent contribution. Mr. Angell's book, issued simultaneously in eleven of the great countries of the world, including Japan, with its argument concentrated on the economic phase of the question, will stimulate thought especially in the old world by the audacity of its assaults upon established lines of reasoning. It should be read in connection with one of the other two.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN DRAMA.*

Speaking of the great history of French literature which has furnished a model for all similar ventures in the way of collaboration, the late Gaston Paris remarked: "A search, and a successful one, has been made for scholars of recognized ability and special attainments, whose names in each case assure us of the exact information and complete grasp of the subject which the writer possesses in the field that has been assigned to him."

Though the two latest volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" constitute the most noteworthy attempt that has ever been made to organize our knowledge of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, together with its origins and its later development, no one would be bold enough to affirm that the separate chapters are in every case written by scholars already well-known for their special competence in the subjects which they have been invited to discuss — not to speak of the instances in which the first choice among leading authorities has not been secured for the treatment of some definite and highly important topic. Thus, the beginnings of the drama in the Middle Ages are not dealt with by Mr. Edmund K. Chambers; nor the life and works of Shakespeare by Dr. Sidney Lee; nor Shakespeare's Sonnets by Canon Beeching; nor textual problems connected with the quarto and folio editions of Shakespeare by Mr. A. W. Pollard; nor the characteristics of Shakespeare's art by Professor Bradley or Professor Dowden;

* THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volumes V. and VI., The Drama to 1642. Cambridge, England: University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nor the life and works of Ben Jonson by M. Castelain. And while we are touching on a possible oversight here and there, it may be added that there is no chapter at all on the language of the Elizabethan dramatists—whose writings, as Wordsworth said, are "the gardens" of our native tongue; although the earlier volumes of this history of literature have not avoided disquisitions upon linguistics. Such a chapter could doubtless have been obtained from Professor Vietor or Professor Franz. But the editors might have contented themselves with some one nearer home, on the strength of a general rather than a particular fitness.

The general fitness of the actual collaborators cannot be disallowed. The names of Ward, Boas, Moorman, Baker, Symons, Koeppel, Thorndike, Manly, Neilson, and others, are sufficiently familiar to students of the drama to guarantee a substantial trustworthiness in the volumes to which these scholars have contributed. Nor could a valid reason be alleged for discounting at the outset an article upon any aspect of Elizabethan literature by a writer who had won recognition mainly in another part of the field. At the same time, it is disconcerting, when we turn from a chapter to the appendix which indicates the sources from which the material is drawn, to find that the author hitherto has written nothing that is closely enough allied to his present topic to be included in its bibliography. Whatever the cause may be, too many of the chapters read like the briefs of a conscientious attorney, gotten up with the aid of the best treatises, let us say, upon copyright, bridge-building, and melancholia; the method is good, and the information well in hand, but the insight is not of the sort that comes from a prolonged intimacy with the subject. Accordingly, the student of English will derive a peculiar gratification from such chapters as that by Professor Creizenach on Miracle-Plays and Moralities, and that on Early English Tragedy by Professor Cunliffe, which display the ripe fruit of investigations that were begun, and commonly known, before the Cambridge History was dreamt of. On slightly different grounds, one may also single out the chapter by Professor Gregory Smith on Marlowe and Kyd for particular commendation. It does not begin with the felicity that might be expected from the editor of "Elizabethan Critical Essays," but it improves as it advances; the ten pages (V. 167–176) of constructive criticism on Marlowe are so obviously superior to the main treatment of Shakespeare (V. 186 ff.) by another hand, that examples of the best and the worst in the two volumes are brought into sharp contrast.

Professor Saintsbury's two chapters on Shakespeare are, indeed, very disappointing. They are clear enough — obscurity is not a characteristic of his wayward style,—and they disclose no important errors of fact, at least on a casual reading; after all, a large part of the substance is common property. But the attitude of a literary dictator in Shakespearean biography and criticism will not be welcome to those who have tried to keep abreast of the more recent investigations and synthetic studies, as Professor Saintsbury has not. Nor will a slap-dash journalistic manner seem more grave when it is observed in what, as many would imagine, ought to be the most weighty exposition in the fourteen volumes of this notable history. Compared with the discussion of Shakespeare as a tragic poet in the familiar book of Professor Bradley, the utterances here on the art of Shakespeare may be deemed almost negligible, with the exception, perhaps, of what is said concerning his versification. Yet Professor Saintsbury's former inquiries into metre, and the habitual interest which causes him to lead up, finally, to Shakespeare's blank verse — as if this could furnish a worthy climax in the interpretation of a great dramatist — have not been enough to prevent an odd bit of confusion on page 244 of Volume V. It is astonishing that any one who has written so copiously upon metre should identify the terms "weak" and "feminine," as applied to line-endings.

The most valuable thing in connection with the sequence of chapters (viii.–xii.) on Shakespeare is the Bibliography, in twelve sections. So far as I am aware, it is incomparably the best collection of titles on the subject now in print. Of course there are omissions, both intended and accidental. Professor Root's dissertation on "Classical Mythology in Shakespeare" (Yale Studies in English, No. XIX.) ought to have been included under "Sources" (p. 489); possibly also Mr. Churton Collins's "Studies in Shakespeare," and one or two other titles—for example, Carr's "Four Lives from North's Plutarch." Though the twelve sections (V., 470–518) could scarcely be thought of as the *catalogue raisonné* of works on Shakespeare for which many an investigator has been longing, they are an approach to it, and strengthen the hope that it may ultimately appear.

It is pleasant to observe the consideration that is bestowed throughout these volumes upon American scholarship, both in the choice of collaborators and in the tributes which are paid to authorities like Dr. Furness and Professor Schelling. The prefatory acknowledgement which the editors make to the work on Elizabethan Drama by the latter is refreshing after the unsympathetic, and even unjust, remarks about it in the London "Athenæum." The simultaneous publication of "The Cambridge History" in this country and England is, of course, significant of a united interest in a common object, and a matter of congratulation for us in America. However, we must regret the presence of a number of trifling errors in the Putnam edition which may not occur in that of the Cambridge University Press. Chapman's rendering of Ovid's "Banquet of Sence," for example, appears as a "Banquet of Sauce" both in the text (VI., 35) and the Index (VI., 570). And for "bare" (V., 296, Note 3) we should have "base" as the reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare in the last scene of "Othello"; but here it is the substance of the note that seems to be at fault. The American printer reproduces the English orthography of words like *color* and *vigor* — though our form was known to Gray; yet he makes a single word of *some one*, and similarly of *any one*, though, as "C. S. C." might put it, *someone* and *anyone* were "unknown to Keats." The printer may be referred to Calverley's poem entitled "Forever."

There is but one thing more to say. In his "Tractate on Education," Milton speaks of an antidote which must be given to the students who may busy themselves with certain specimens of the Attic drama. Throughout these monumental volumes on the English drama, the various specialists and generalizers for the most part seem to have forgotten, or never to have recognized, the need of an antidote for some of the noxious weeds that flourished in the luxuriant "gardens of our language." The great literary critic in the age of Elizabeth recognized this need, and never forgot it. We may therefore deplore the arrangement through which the contemporary criticism of the drama by Sir Philip Sidney and others is chiefly relegated to a different section of this history, and otherwise receives so little emphasis in comparison with the lives of the dramatists and the chronology of their plays.

LANE COOPER.

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.*

Few have lived as long, or to such good purpose, as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. To most of us the Darwinian period, when the battle for evolution was fought and won, seems already to belong to a distant past. Yet Wallace and Hooker, evolutionists who stood fifty years ago second only to Darwin, are still living and active.

Many years ago Dr. Wallace published his "Darwinism," containing a summary of the theory of organic evolution, with a discussion of the principal facts bearing on the subject. This has appeared in several editions, and is still very widely read. The new work, "The World of Life," is not intended to take its place, but gives the author's most mature thoughts on life in general, its meaning and cause. Being thus a work of philosophy as well as science, it necessarily covers much debatable ground, but the author tells us that in every case his opinions result from a careful study of the facts, and whether correct or false, are at any rate not the fruits of mere inclination or fancy. The ground covered is so vast that no two really original writers, cultivating it during a lifetime, can be expected to garner the same harvest, nor is it desirable that they should do so. Hence almost every reader will find things that he himself would have put differently, if only because his temperament and experience differ from those of the author. Many, however, will object to Dr. Wallace's opinions simply because they are largely metaphysical, forgetting that the dogmatic negations of the materialistic are in their essence equally so.

On the emotional side, the book is chiefly notable for its expression of a great delight in every form of life, from man down; perhaps richer in quality than that shown by any other writer. I am inclined to think that Dr. Wallace is absolutely preëminent in this quality, because few naturalists have interested themselves in so many different aspects of life, while those who are not students of nature simply do not see many of its manifestations. The best of the nature-poets may doubtless have depths of feeling, as well as modes of expression, beyond the power of a biologist, but their writings sufficiently indicate the limitations of their field of vision. For the ordinary reader I believe this glow of pleasure in the contemplation of life of

*THE WORLD OF LIFE. A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

every kind is the most precious attribute of the book, because if it is communicated to him in any degree he will be enriched for the rest of his days. Even the statistical data concerning the number of species of plants in different areas have a charm for us when we realize with the author how much beauty and interest diversity implies, and how this leads to a still more wonderful diversity of animals dependent on the plants. As is indicated by the sub-title, Dr. Wallace regards life as manifesting a creative power, having the definite purpose of evolving spiritual beings capable of surviving death. He does not thereby abandon any part of the theory of evolution, as set forth in his earlier writings; but it is well known that in matters of this kind he differed from Darwin, who felt unable to formulate metaphysical theories, or at any rate to give them any pragmatic value. Logically, according to the ordinary doctrines of science, man *is* the outcome of what has gone before, and might conceivably have been predicted at any stage of the process by a being of sufficient reasoning power acquainted with all the facts. The process of evolution is such that at each stage things fit together, as it were, and appear as though made for each other. Man appears on the scene with conscious purpose, and is unable to imagine a universe without something of the kind. Is it altogether a quibble or play of words to put things this way? Let the lifeless universe exist for an x period, undergoing various physical and chemical changes until life appears, and with it consciousness. At this last moment *value* and *purpose* arise; until then they simply did not exist. We commonly hold that whatever *produces* value has thereby a value of its own, or in a sense purpose; hence as a matter of argument it may reasonably be maintained that life was the purpose of pre-existent lifeless being. This may be an "absurdly human" point of view; but being absurdly human, what are we to do? The contemplation of such a philosophic system necessarily arouses in us a sense of its incompleteness; and as though to fill a void, we are led to believe in some sort of conscious being or beings presiding over the destinies of the ostensibly azoic universe. We are in some such way started on the path. Dr. Wallace follows, and guided by him we may arrive at a theology more in harmony with science than those handed down to us by the churches. Even the doctrine of the multiplicity of creative agencies, put forth at the end of the book, may then seem to have much in its favor, especially as contrasted with that of a single omnipotent, all-knowing, unchanging God.

Those who utterly refuse to consider questions of this kind will thrust all this aside as so much trash. For some, this limitation of the intellectual field may be a sort of necessity. There will, however, be many who with Darwin are keenly alive to the mystery of things, and freely acknowledge their personal need of light, while at the same time refusing consent to a series of "explanations" which they feel do not explain, and are not fortified by known facts. At this point a practical dilemma arises. If humanity is led to confine its thought entirely to limited fields, abandoning the celestial heights entirely to insincere litterati who play with great questions merely to tickle the passing fancy, will there be any loss? May we not answer, that the loss will be tremendous, incalculable? Yet this may come about from mere inertia, aided by fashion, our species "going to the dogs" in a veritable psychological fashion. On the other hand, history abundantly shows how heavy is the burden of a mass of theological or metaphysical dogma, supported by custom and tradition, but deadly to the free exercise of thought. It seems to me that we can only arrive at a sort of middle road, that of feeling keenly that things after all have a "meaning," that virtue is a reality, not an abstraction, that somehow the universe has a soul of its own; while at the same time guarding ourselves continually against those artificial thought-castles in which we are so liable to be imprisoned. Looking at the matter in this way, those of us who are not prepared to follow Dr. Wallace in all the intricacies of his personal faith, may nevertheless feel very strongly that he has done well in bringing forward his solution of the riddle of the ages, the result of more than fifty years of thought. The book contains many interesting and illuminating discussions of particular questions, and many expressions of opinion on debatable points, so that it will prove stimulating in a variety of ways. The reviewer is tempted to write at greater length than space permits. I have been interested to compare the American and English editions. Although they contain exactly the same material, the American book is considerably larger, with 441 pages against the 408 of the English. The English is on whiter paper, and the printing is blacker and more even. In the American edition figures 40 and 41 are upside down. T. D. A. COCKERELL.

New Tellers of a Tale Outworn.*

The open-eyed visitor to the Rouen of to-day (the Rotomagus of yesterday), after he has looked up the various streets and squares and monuments that perpetuate the name and fame of Jeanne d'Arc, will very likely go, though he may have but a minute to spare, to the Vieux Marché and see the spot on which, on May 31, 1431, the *victime glorieuse* breathed out her last on a stack of burning wood. Born early in January 1412, at Domrémy, on the Mason-and-Dixon line, as it were, between Teuton and Gaul, where patriotism always runs highest, she accomplished a stupendous amount of good in a seemingly inexplicable way, and in compensation was burned and her ashes thrown into the river. And from Christine de Pisan (d. 1429) to Anatole France, her unique and elusive life has attracted some of the world's greatest poets, artists, and historians. In an incomplete bibliography brought down to 1894, there are found 667 works that deal only with her life, and it in its entirety. There are 849 monographs that deal with particular phases of her life. There are 160 dramas in verse, and 21 operas—2286 works in all, the compiler, Pierre Lanéry d'Arc, admitting that it would have been easy to pass the three thousand mark had certain other publications been taken into account. And all these antedate 1894. Yet it is entirely possible that the greatest works on Joan, excepting those by Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Schiller, postdate 1894. In the language almost of Schiller, *Johanna geht, und immer kehrt sie wieder!* And now she comes twice more.

Miss Bangs, starting from the sane proposition of Sainte-Beuve that the miracle of the Maid's life can best be honored by the simple truth, has traced her career from the cradle to the stake with a simplicity and a sympathetic love of accurate detail that are very pleasing. Her aim is to tell the story of how a thoroughly good woman was abused and then burned by thoroughly bad men, because she lived in an age when the power that comes from goodness was so rare that it was confused with the weakness that emanates from evil. She treats the Maid in a perfectly natural way, as a girl different from other girls only in the compelling power of her will, as one who did not believe in miracles, and whose slogan was that if men will work, God will work. The style is always clear and occasionally sparkling. Though plainly aiming at simplicity, it is refreshing to meet such Sunday words as "doddering," "biddableness," "pick-a-back," "sacring," "wastrel," "miniver," "caracoled," "gabelle," "tumbril," and others, — words that fit in so well just here. Except the oft-repeated "so says the chronicle," and the occasional references to the poet Alain Chartier, there is no indication of the sources utilized in the preparation of this confessedly historical work. This makes reading the book somewhat like listening to a good lecture without knowing who the lecturer is or whence he comes. All in all, Miss Bangs has re-told the time-honored and time-worn story of the Maid with the same evident interest in her theme that one would expect if it were as fresh and original as a descriptive account of the South Pole.

Miss James's work, on the other hand, possesses the conventional devices known to bookmakers: bibliography, index of names, and a dozen illustrations that are illustrations in the original sense of the word. Only four of the twelve chapters bear directly on the heroine. These contain the traditional data. There is an introductory chapter on the impotent Charles VII., his unscrupulous mother Isabel of Bavaria, his gentle wife Marie of Anjou, and his capable wife's mother Yolande of Aragon. There are chapters replete with uncanny though interesting material on visions and voices, mystics and visionaries, black magic, *l'amour de grâce*, and the *bourgeois* of Paris. The two chapters that most cordially invite careful study are the two that respectively describe the nature, and account for the effect, of the supernatural elements in the Maid's life. Miss James argues that to disprove that Joan had these we will have to reject the very foundation on which history is based; that she did exercise the powers of telepathy, pre-cognition, and clairvoyance; that she did have visions, hear voices, unearth the King's secret, and discover the sword at Fierbois, — unless documentary evidence taken under oath be apocryphal. But how are we to explain the situation? Four contingencies are set up: Joan was either a prodigy, a sorceress, a fraud, or a victim of a fraud. The fraud and sorceress ideas Miss James rejects once for all; and certainly no one will quarrel with her for this. The idea that Joan was a victim of a political and religious fraud is no new one: "Beaumarchais entertained it in 1730, and Anatole France in 1908." But this is also

* Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of France. By Mary Rogers Bangs. With frontispiece in color. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Joan of Arc. By Grace James. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

rejected as unconvincing. Joan was, then, a prodigy.

Now the author does some interesting reasoning, without getting nearer to a scientific solution than her predecessors. First, she calls to the rescue Wordsworth, Dickens, and William James, all of whom help, none of whom decide. Then she herself falls into such a statement as that the Maid "probably suffered from a unilateral hallucination, or hemianæsthesia." But she immediately turns her back on this sort of language, and concludes: "For the simple-minded and the faithful there remains a more perfect solution — it lies in the belief in the power of God."

Some readers will see in this more reverence than reason. But is there not about an equal deal of both? Cannot the success of Joan,—to go just an inch further than Miss James has gone,— be set forth about as follows: Every great man who has done anything eternally worth while within the last two thousand years has at some time in his life expressed an unshaken belief in God. Joan believed in God, and (because) she believed in herself. Who, aside from her, believed in himself or herself at that time? Charles VII. doubted his own legitimacy. With her, the belief and the deed were consubstantial. And she was mightily convinced that if she would act, God would act. So she went to work. And France followed. Now, a large percentage of her contemporaries who were in a position to do things were immature idiots anchoretically encysted in thick and contagious lethargy. But she went to work. To accomplish what for that age was prodigious, she did not need to be a twentieth-century prodigy. And great as she was, she undoubtedly stood at the head of her class partly because, in the choice nouns of Addison, the other members of the class were ninny-hammers, dotards, and nincompoops.

But after all is said and done, one of the most remarkable things in connection with the Maid is the amazing amount of art and history and poetry that owes its most remote inspiration to her baffling life. She has been a grateful theme for many men of many minds. Poetically, any thesis can be proved or disproved by her case. For example, just as the Anglo-Saxon people glory over "Beowulf," despite the fact that the subject matter concerns neither the Angles nor the Saxons, so did Schiller dramatize her of France, and the Germans exult over *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* just as much as they would have done had she been born on the right rather than the left bank of the Meuse. A great national poem does not need to patronize local talent. And Joan disproves more completely than does Calderon's *El Príncipe Constante* the stoutly maintained thesis of Lessing, that the life of a true Christian does not lend itself to tragic treatment. As a poetic subject, her life far outstrips the fondest dreams of Edgar Allan Poe. She was a brave and beautiful girl. Men swore she was the simplest thing they had ever seen. She liked fine clothes, and was fonder of the banner than the sword. From the time she enlisted she wore male attire, and Mark Twain gives a most reasonable explanation of this also. She liked to skip and romp about, and gather flowers from the field; she was occasionally caught praying when her mother thought she was at work; she was fond of babies, and stood godmother to several; she was an adept at watching the sheep and crocheting. And in addition to all this childlike simplicity, she possessed lovely womanliness, while the Queen-mother — so say the chronicles — was proverbially vain, passionate, and dissolute. She was a devoted patriot, says Mark Twain, when France was a British province. She was a saint when to be a saint was to be considered a "lyme of the Feende." She was martyrly constant when there was nothing in France worth such lavish constancy. She was a courageous soldier when France was carrying on a war through three generations without a standing army. And she dared nobly to die for the sweet mother-land that gave her birth. All of which makes her life a fertile field for poets and artists. And to these we can only say, *En avant!* and *Glück auf!*

But there is another side to the matter. There have been, and are being, too many semi-erudite works written on such worthy and suggestive but elusive and uncontrollable subjects as the Maid's life. Anatole France says: *Les textes relatifs à la Pucelle sont presque tous suspects à divers égards et soulèvent à chaque instant des objections.* Fresh from writing two enormous volumes on her, he ought to know. This being the case, it is extremely questionable whether we would really know any less accurately and appreciate any less keenly the Maid's worth if we had only the works of three writers: Jules Quicherat's documents, Anatole France's biography, and Schiller's drama. But we have three thousand works! Of these, Martial would undoubtedly say, in his epigrammatic way, *Sunt bona, sunt quaedam*

mediocria, sunt mala plura. Now, an author does not have the same ethical right to tell a story over and over that a musician has to play a piece of music over and over. The music comes and goes like a pleasant thought, but the book goes babbling on forever. And so, just as certain states every now and then pass a game-law, making it illegal to kill, say, any partridges for the next five years, would it not likewise be a relief and a potent blessing if all publishers could combine and pass a law making it illegal to write within the next twenty-five years any more books on certain subjects — among others, these: Goethe; the French Revolution; the Authorship of "Beowulf"; Romanticism; the Interpretation of the Nibelungenlied; Napoleon; and Joan of Arc, Her Visions and Her Voices.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

SPAIN OF TO-DAY.*

Because Spain at one time was the ruling force in all Europe, if not, indeed, in both hemispheres, and is so no longer, materialistic critics have sometimes been tempted to sneer at her as a dead nation, sterile and insignificant. That point of view is changing, wherever it once prevailed. First of all, the picturesqueness of the country as a field for travel has been discovered:

> "Rugged and wild, wind-swept, and bleak, and drear,
> She has a rugged splendor all her own."

Spain is made the subject of many returned travellers' narratives — most of them illustrated with numerous photographs. Nor is that all. The land that produces a Sorolla and a Zuloaga is conceded to have a present as well as a past. There is an interest everywhere to-day in contemporary Spanish fiction. Several of the writers whose books we have now to consider, Mr. Fitz-Gerald and Miss O'Reilly among them, answer that tedious old question, "What has Spain done for civilization?" very satisfactorily.

Some of the books about Spain published during the last few months are of American authorship, and some of English. "Quiet Days in Spain," "Things Seen in Spain," "Home Life in Spain,"— every one of these volumes is obviously Britannic. One can positively see the tweeds and smell the pipe-tobacco. Yet the last of the three, and the most important of them, is, at least, the work of one whose acquaintance with the land of which he writes is of some twenty years standing. Mr. Bensusan has been more fortunate than Gautier, about whom legend says that he first wrote his travel-book, then crossed the Pyrenees on the royalties, to see whether the kingdom measured up to his description of it. Mr. Bensusan, for his part, writes a pleasant sort of book, with chapters on Idle Days in the South, and other accounts of journeyings, but also with more general chapters, relieved by anecdote and illustration, on such subjects as the Church, the Theatre, the Kitchen, the Café, the Plaza de Toros, the Literature, and the Law Courts, of the sunny land. As for the Home whose life he sets out to describe, it is, he writes, "all things considered," a very happy one. One of our other authors, Mrs. Nixon-Roulet, in speaking of Spain as a land of petticoat-rule offers a possible explanation. "The most striking thing about Spanish home life is its mirthfulness," adds the same vivacious narrator. But, to return to Mr. Bensusan, there is also a respect for tradition, and a simplicity thereof, that favors happiness. The house is generally built round a central courtyard, square or oblong in shape, and of larger or smaller proportions according to whether one is in the South or the North. If the various floors of the house are divided among several tenants, it is by friendly arrangement that lines are stretched and the family wash hung up; and at the proper hour the smell of cooking and the clatter of dishes arises from the several kitchens as evidence that everyone in Spain eats now and then. What is more, "everybody having prepared the same material in the same kind of utensil is now cooking it in accordance with one recipe" — a recipe that has probably not varied for hundreds of years. Even the superficial tourist realizes, on his circular tour, that this is a land ruled by tradition.

It is obviously dangerous to generalize in a country whose history, if one studies it, one discovers to be the history of a good many different kingdoms. The strongly marked regionalism of the land, and its divergences, are brought out by all our writers. But so is Spain's traditionalism. There is, of course, a great difference to be observed in the impression made by the same phenomenon upon the various witnesses. The Catholic regards the tradition that is so often an expression of Catholicism with a favoring eye. And of the books whose titles are noted in our footnote, Miss Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly's "Heroic Spain" may be recommended as likely to give the reader most pleasure. Here is a travel-book full of personality. Both the personality of the land visited and that of the traveller find expression in it. "I would beg every unhurried traveller to carry in his pocket the 'Romancero del Cid,' Spain's Epic, and 'Don Quixote,' her great novel, the truest-hearted book ever written," urges

* HOME LIFE IN SPAIN. By S. L. Bensusan. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

RAMBLES IN SPAIN. By John D. Fitz-Gerald. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THINGS SEEN IN SPAIN. By C. Gasquoine Hartley. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

HEROIC SPAIN. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

SPAIN FROM WITHIN. By Rafael Shaw. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Miss O'Reilly. Let us add as a further piece of advice, in case you are planning a Spanish excursion, "and read 'Heroic Spain' before you engage passage."

But if Miss O'Reilly's book is altogether charming, that by Mr. Rafael Shaw is perhaps the most informing of our little library; and it certainly has most of journalistic interest. "I have endeavored to show," writes Mr. Shaw, "what the people of Spain believe to be the truth about those who exercise authority over them, as gathered from conversation with Spaniards of all classes, but principally working people, in town and country, and from my own reading and observation." The resulting volume is inevitably interesting, even though its pages sometimes express crude partisanship and radicalism. But, whereas most of our other travellers stop short with describing the railway train, the inn and its table d'hôte, the Cathedral, and the holy-day festival, Mr. Shaw takes for his theme taxation, the economic situation, education, the army, the devotion of the aristocracy, and the religious laxity of the working classes. As for Mr. Shaw's reports of the corruption of the confessional and of the general unscrupulousness of the Spanish clergy, he himself admits, after retailing a number of old wives' tales and not a little servant-girl gossip: "The hostility of the people towards the priests doubtless colors their views." Mr. Shaw's views are colored as well: and not rose-colored. Everywhere he sees the ominous shadow of the Jesuit. But he makes an interesting reporter. He is, also, correct enough in contending that economic, social, and moral abuses have been associated with Spanish priestcraft and monasticism; but in making no apparent effort to sift the truth of his horrifics he impairs the value of what might have proved a much more valuable contribution to our knowledge of modern Spain.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

An account of our national land system.

Professor Payson J. Treat's book on "The National Land System" (E. B. Treat & Co.) embodies the results of much patient delving in the statutes and the journals of Congress, and in the American State Papers. It successfully summarizes the complicated history of the public lands of the United States, and of their management, from 1785 to 1820. The first chapter, which treats of the Origin of the Public Domain, is in the nature of an introduction. This must account for the omission of any mention of Thomas Paine's "Public Good," and the neglect of the wider relations of the land question to the "States'-rights conflict" of the later years of the Confederation. Nor is the second chapter, on the Origins of the Federal Land System, altogether exhaustive. With the third chapter, however, Professor Treat reaches the fundamental and most valuable part of his work. Here he gives a particularly clear account of the transitional years of 1787–1789, and presents a minute and accurate narrative of the development of the land system after the beginning of the government of the United States under the Constitution. Besides correcting some errors in the hitherto accepted chronology of this development, Professor Treat presents here and there some valuable criticisms which are the outcome of his investigation. Such, for example, is his analysis of Hamilton's report of 1790 on the disposal of the public lands. The limit of time set to this volume is the year 1820, when the credit system of land sales was abolished; but many topics of special interest are carried to a logical conclusion at some later date. Thus, the "relief" laws are brought down to 1832, and the land grants for military and naval service to 1856. In addition there are chapters on the system of surveys, the confirmation of foreign titles, land grants for education, and special grants, public and private. The last chapter, upon the relation of the land system to the westward movement, constitutes a summary of the whole book, but seems hardly representative of the full importance of the subject. Throughout, indeed, it is in the clear analysis of legislation and administration from a legal and technical standpoint that Professor Treat's book excels. This is a sufficient accomplishment, marking a welcome advance over the compilation of Donaldson and the ill-arranged though meritorious work of Shosuke Sato. Except for these, no other work is comparable to this of Professor Treat's for the period which the latter covers. The volume is enriched by helpful maps, by many statistical tables taken from official sources, and by a good bibliography.

Sketches of Parisian politics and literature.

The recent fall of the French cabinet lends a particular interest to Mr. Lawrence Jerrold's journalistic articles, lately collected and published under the somewhat arrogant title of "The Real France" (Lane). "The Obvious Paris" would have been a far better caption for this little book, which presents certain aspects of politics and literature in the French capital, sketching picturesquely the figures of Messieurs Clemenceau, Briand, Delcasse, and President Fallières. "Realism in Politics" is Mr. Jerrold's characterization of the recent ministry; and by realism Mr. Jerrold means the passing of political theorists and the rise of opportunistic politicians like Messieurs Clemenceau and Briand. The contest between the *blague* of the boulevard and the solidity of French home life, between the dreams of young socialists and anarchists and the steady conservative commonsense of the nation in practical politics, only emphasizes that divorce of theory and action which is the guarantee of Gallic freedom of thought. The careful student will supplement this opening chapter by the far more searching analysis of Mr. Brownell ("French Traits").

Chapters on Lourdes and the coal-country — the only glimpses we get of extra-Parisian France — serve as a boundary between the discussion of politics and the last third of the volume, which takes up literary matters under the chapter-headings "Les Jeunes," "The Heirs of Les Jeunes," and "The French Stage of To-day." "Les Jeunes" were certainly interesting young men, but our final estimate of the importance of all this post-Romanticism must be modified by the fact that Mr. Jerrold was himself a "Jeune," and "founded at twenty with other Jeunes, a Jeune Review: The Magazine International, in which he published translations into French of the most Whitmanish of the Leaves of Grass, and which started a new French literary movement in praise of Nature and Life, and thereupon died." The quotation is from the English "Who's Who," but the style is a rather mild analogue of the careless diction that is the chief defect of Mr. Jerrold's interesting little volume. But no Englishman who "starts a new literary movement" in France should be expected to remember the tongue of his fathers.

Two plays by Sweden's greatest dramatic writer.

August Strindberg, the greatest dramatist of Sweden, has been little known in English-speaking lands, primarily because of the subject-matter and point of view of his plays. He is a pessimist, a misogynist, an extreme realist; and these characteristics have kept him from that wider vogue which otherwise his remarkable technique and undoubted power would have won for him. His strange gripping drama, "The Father," appeared in an English translation several years ago; but with this exception, he has been practically inaccessible to English readers. This lack is now partially supplied by translations (only fair in quality) of the short one-act play, "Mother Love," and the longer play, "The Creditor," also in one-act form. The former piece is an intensely disagreeable picture of the sordid sin and loveless attitude of a mother toward her actress daughter; it spells complete disillusionment of the writer with regard to one of the holiest of relations. "The Creditor," regarded abroad as Strindberg's masterpiece, is terrifying as a study,— subtle, penetrating, and acid-like in its satire, — of the husband-wife-lover triangle. The lover in this case is a former husband, and the climax depicts him as returning to distill the poison of suspicion into the mind of husband number two, and bringing about his tragic death. The profound cynicism of the thing centres in the woman herself, although the revenging first husband is a very Mephisto in his cool and calculating hate. It is easy to believe in the frightful strength of this play as an acting piece; but the mind insists on asking, *cui bono?* when admiration of its dramatic skill and force has given way to reflection upon it as a study of life. It is to be hoped that other dramas, modifying the drastic impression created by these two, will in time be added to the list of Strindberg's translated plays. Mr. Francis J. Ziegler is responsible for the English versions of "Mother Love" and "The Creditor," and Messrs. Brown Brothers of Philadelphia publish the books.

Early years and early friends of Carmen Sylva.

"From Memory's Shrine" (Lippincott Co.) is a collection of pleasant reminiscences of old friends and girlhood experiences from the pen of Queen Elisabeth of Roumania, better known in literature as "Carmen Sylva." Among those with whom her chapters deal occur the names of Clara Schumann, Moritz Arndt, Bernays, Fanny Lavater, Bunsen, Perthes, Karl Sohn, and the Valette family. Of a more intimately autobiographic character are chapters on "Grandmamma," "My Tutors," and "My Brother Otto." Particularly are we impressed with the range of her girlhood studies under a certain Herr Sauerwein. "Sanscrit and Russian were as familiar to him as the Neo-Latin tongues or Celtic idioms; snatches of Hungarian song alternated on his lips with verses of the Persian and Arabic poets; and his reading was as extensive as his literary taste was sound. . . . It was Sauerwein's aim to give me something more than a superficial acquaintance with all that is best in the literature of the whole world; our course of reading was in consequence strangely diversified." It was this book-loving German tutor who first encouraged the gifted girl to cultivate her talent for poetry. Carmen Sylva's readers would have been glad to have many more details of her life and its crowded interests and activities. She has kept herself too modestly in the background, or behind the scenes, in her otherwise attractive volume. We hope she will at some future time again unlock the Shrine and open its door wider. The translation of the book from the German has been made by Miss Edith Hopkirk, formerly the author's secretary. Portraits accompany the reading matter.

Reminiscences of the English secret service.

The same attraction that makes the detective story a favorite form of fiction for many novel-readers attaches also to the autobiography of an ex-official of the secret service. "The Lighter Side of my Official Life" (Hodder & Stoughton), by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., is enriched with stories of criminal cunning and of anti-criminal sagacity, recalled in a backward look over thirty-three years of participation in public affairs and in police administration in England. The author, an Irishman by birth and education, became attached to the Home Office in 1868 as adviser in matters relating to political crime, and was made Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis and Head of the Criminal Investigation Department in 1888. He retired from service in 1901, after dealing with enough famous criminal cases to fill many more pages of print than he has chosen to offer to his readers. It is, as the title of his book indicates, only the more diverting incidents that he thus places on record. "And yet," he takes occasion to add, "I do not wish to convey

the very false impression that amusement is the prevailing element in Police work. Both my predecessors in office suffered from the strain, and retired after five years of it. And if I was able to bear it for thirteen years, and to be 'fitter' on leaving Scotland Yard than when I entered on the high duties of the office, this was due mainly to a native sense of humour and an acquired capacity for turning away from anxious and engrossing work." He learned, in short, the lesson left unlearned by so many, that "to have interests that are infinitely higher and more absorbing than sublunary matters of any kind — this, to put it on the lowest ground, is a mental tonic of inestimable value." A portrait of the author faces the title-page.

Some amusing audacities in dramatic form.

In the same merry mood in which he conceived his "Dead Letters," Mr. Maurice Baring has executed a series of "Diminutive Dramas" (Houghton) which, like the earlier work, handle with an amusing freedom, and also with the wit and learning of a scholar, a considerable number of historic characters, chiefly of ancient Greece and Rome. Contributed originally to the London "Morning Post," these pieces all have the brevity and the snap without which they could not have achieved the success they seem to have enjoyed. They are but single scenes, or scraps of scenes, each occupying only five or ten minutes in the reading, and all but one in comic vein. The single exception is entitled, "The Death of Alexander," from an imaginary blank-verse tragedy of anonymous authorship. This is the least happy (naturally enough) of the twenty-two "diminutive dramas." Among the best is "The Aulis Difficulty," presenting the domestic confabulation that preceded the offering of Iphigenia on the altar of the injured Artemis in order to facilitate the passage of the Greek fleet to Troy. Naturally the proposed victim is at first not at all eager to play the leading part assigned her in this sacrifice. After a trying interview between father and daughter the mother enters. "What is this?" demands Clytæmnestra. "Papa says I must be sacrificed to Artemis," replies the indignant maiden, "in order that they may have a smooth passage to Troy, and to prevent Ajax being sea-sick. I say I won't," and she begins to cry. Mention at least must be made, in closing, of "The Blue Harlequin (with apologies to Mr. Maeterlinck)" and "Xantippe and Socrates." There is rare sport in Mr. Baring's pages.

Chapters on French themes.

Those who remember Miss Betham-Edwards's solid if somewhat prosy "Home Life in France" must regret this writer's desertion of the field of fact and personal impression. Literary criticism is not Miss Edwards's forte; and even in the popular essay a background of scholarship is needed. It would be cruel to compare "Literary Rambles in France" with similar work by Messrs. Henry James or Andrew Lang, and the "Literary Rambles" is certainly superior to the newly-published volume entitled "French Men, Women, and Books" (McClurg). A rather heterogeneous collection of a dozen articles, the volume begins with an account of "French Domestic Poetry," which serves as an introduction to nearly thirty pages of domestic English versions by the author. Then comes an account of Balzac's courtship of Mme. Hanska, — the idealized traditional account accepted before Mr. Lawton made available in English the revelations of recent French research. English views and the feminine standpoint are evident here as throughout the volume, which meanders dully among such subjects as Barbey d' Aurévilly, Jean Reynaud, Edmond Demolins, Joseph Reinach, Mary Clarke (the forgotten love of the forgotten Fauriel), the brothers Margueritte, and MM. Boylesve and Bordeaux — acclaimed under the rather inclusive caption of "The New Fiction." The collection ends with a review of some recent French estimates of "la perfide Albion," balanced by an essay *in French*, "La France vue de l'Angleterre." Why such a production as this latter was included in a popular work is not clear, unless it was to overcome the prejudice that might arise from numerous petty errors, the most amusing of which is a triple reference to the husband of Balzac's inamorata as "Monsieur de Hanska"!

Greatness, genuine and spurious.

A sane view of heroes and heroism is taken by Mr. J. N. Larned in his volume of lectures entitled "A Study of Greatness in Men" (Houghton). No mere efficiency, no amount of force and energy, can render a man great, in his opinion. Very naturally he takes issue with Carlyle, in his opening chapter, on what constitutes greatness, whose factors he groups under three heads, — the ethical or moral, the rational or purely intellectual, and the dynamic or energetic. "If not aimed by his reason," asks Mr. Larned, "inspired by his imagination, motived by his conscience, wherein do the energies of a strong man differ from the energies of a beast of prey?" With these guiding principles in mind, the author then proceeds to a study of Napoleon, whom he characterizes at the outset as "a prodigy without greatness," of Cromwell, whom he calls "imperfect in greatness," of Washington, who is "impressive in greatness," and of Lincoln, "simplest in greatness." As a clear-sighted, dispassionate review of the achievements of these men, the book is excellent, and is especially to be commended to young readers, either as a corrective to Carlyle's brilliant performance in the same field of literature, or as an independent work.

Whims of the passing moment.

Mr. Simeon Strunsky, editorial writer on the New York "Evening Post," and contributor of brief and humorous sketches to that and other journals, has collected a number of these light and amusing pieces in a volume bearing the title, borrowed from the "Post," of "The Patient Observer" (Dodd). Anything and everything suggested to this frequenter of the

crowded haunts of men is dexterously worked into the pattern of his breezy little essays, with plenty of imagination and clever invention to help out at need. The style is frankly journalistic — crisp and "snappy." Here is an illustrative sentence, opening the chapter entitled "60 H. P.": "For the purpose of getting one's name into the papers, the acquisition of a high-powered automobile may be recommended to the man who has never given a monkey dinner; whose son was never married to a show-girl in a balloon at 2.30 A.M.; whose son-in-law is neither a count, a duke, nor a prince, and does not beat his wife; who has never paid $100,000 for a Velasquez painted in 1897, or for a mediæval Florentine altar-piece made in Dayton, Ohio." There is in these sketches the zest of life as it is lived by the many, and they are calculated to give a keener savor to the common things of every day.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. W. J. Baltzell's "Dictionary of Musicians," published by the Oliver Ditson Co., is a volume of concise biographies, ranging in length from a paragraph to a page, calculated to supply a useful means of reference, particularly to composers and artists now living. Pronunciations are carefully indicated, which is not one of the least important features of the work.

Battles are not usually the most important of historical happenings, but we sometimes wish to put our hands upon an accurate statement of the essential facts about some particular battle. For this purpose (in American history) "From Bunker Hill to Manila Bay," a work compiled from records in the Library of Congress by Mr. John F. Dobbs, will be found useful. The arrangement is chronological, and there are numerous illustrations of the pictorial sort. We have had more battles as a nation than one would imagine, and a large proportion of their names would puzzle even well-informed readers.

Auerbach's "Das Landhaus am Rhein" is better worth reading than nine-tenths of the novels that ordinarily come to hand. In James Davis's translation, "The Villa on the Rhine," (copyrighted in 1869), with an introduction by Bayard Taylor, it was first introduced to American readers, and its original publisher (Holt) now has enough faith in its sterling value to put out a new edition (two volumes in one), which makes a book of almost exactly a thousand pages. The type is rather small for our pampered modern vision, but it packs a large amount of matter between a single pair of covers.

Future historians of our Civil War will have recourse not only to general histories and documents, but to the more minute records contained in regimental histories and in the personal reminiscences of individuals who had their share, however humble, in that great conflict. Much valuable material of this sort is to be found in the "History of the 103d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry," a substantial volume prepared and published by Luther S. Dickey, Chicago, a veteran survivor of that historic regiment. The volume contains a mass of interesting matter well arranged, and presented in good form, with some good maps and portraits.

NOTES.

Antonio Fogazzaro's last novel, "Leila," completed shortly before his death, is to be published in this country by the George H. Doran Co.

"Dr. Quixtus" is announced as the title of Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, which will run as a magzine serial before its publication in book form.

"She Buildeth Her House" is the title of the new novel by Mr. Will Levington Comfort, author of "Routledge Rides Alone," which the J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish in May.

Mr. Winston Churchill, author of "A Modern Chronicle," etc., is engaged on a new novel, entitled "The Greatest of These," which will be published in the Autumn by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. B. W. Huebsch has concluded arrangements to bring out in this country an English translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, "The Fool in Christ" ("Der Narr in Christo"), published in Germany late last Fall.

The volume entitled "Lay Morals and Other Papers," by Robert Louis Stevenson, consisting of matter not hitherto available except in the expensive "Edinburgh" and "Pentland" editions, will be issued in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary" and "The Mistress of Shenstone," has a third story in preparation for publication in September. Meanwhile arrangements have been made for the publication of a German translation of "The Rosary."

Mr. Archibald Henderson's life of Mark Twain, referred to in our last issue, will be published in this country next month by the F. A. Stokes Co. Another interesting volume soon to be issued by this house is Mr. Ralph Nevill's account of "London Clubs."

"Educational Problems," by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, is announced for publication early next month by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in two large octavo volumes. This work is said to contain the ripened results of twenty-five years of teaching education as an academic subject.

A narrative of thirty odd years of frontier life, covering every phase of pioneering in the vast region between the Missouri and the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico, is soon to be published by the Messrs. Putnam in Mrs. Carrie Adell Strahorn's "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage."

A series of French masterpieces covering a period of nine centuries, to be completed in one hundred volumes, is in preparation by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, of London. These little books will be published in cloth at a shilling a volume, and will be issued at the rate of five a month.

The recent death of Owen Kildare lends interest to the announcement of his forthcoming novel (written in collaboration with Leita Kildare) entitled "Such a Woman," which depicts the psychological development of a woman of the slums. The Wessels & Bissell Co. will publish the book.

Mr. Bruce Rogers, who for fifteen years past has designed and supervised the production of the finer books issued from the Riverside Press by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, has recently left the employ of that house and will hereafter devote his time to the making of designs for book decorations, type faces, book plates, etc., and to the arrangement and supervision of fine printing. It is to be hoped that Mr.

Rogers will still continue to supervise the series of limited Riverside Press editions — a series which, in originality of design and perfection of workmanship, constitutes perhaps the highest achievement in American book-production.

Mrs. Mary S. Watts, whose "Nathan Burke" was one of the fiction successes of last year, has just turned over to her publishers the manuscript of a new novel entitled "The Legacy." The scene of this story is the same as that of "Nathan Burke," but the time is the present and the principal character is a woman.

Dr. William Edgar Geil, author of "The Great Wall of China" and "A Yankee on the Yangtse," has completed a new book entitled "The Eighteen Capitals of China," which the J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish in May. The volume will contain one hundred illustrations, from the author's own photographs, and twelve maps.

An instance of the interest taken in Australia in American-made books is the fact that Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have recently made shipment to Melbourne of about three thousand volumes. Of course fiction predominates, but in this particular shipment were editions of Mr. Joseph Mills Hanson's "Frontier Ballads" and other miscellaneous titles.

Arrangements have recently been made by which the Houghton Mifflin Co. become the authorized publishers of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell (excepting one or two publications which have already been arranged for). All correspondence relating to serial or other publication of Dr. Grenfell's works should be addressed to them. They expect to announce shortly a new volume by the author of "Adrift on an Ice-Pan."

A new volume of plays by Mr. John Galsworthy is soon to appear with the Scribner imprint. The contents will include three pieces, — "The Elder Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice." In this connection, it is interesting to note that the last-named drama was given its first American presentation recently in the theatre of Hull House, Chicago, by an amateur company. The performance was in every way creditable.

Craige Lippincott, president of the J. B. Lippincott Company, died at his home in Philadelphia on April 6. He was born in 1846, was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1866 entered the publishing house of which his father was the head, succeeding the latter as president of the company in 1886. During the quarter-century since, Mr. Lippincott has been one of the most prominent and respected figures in the American publishing world.

Dr. Frederick Taber Cooper has just arranged to prepare for Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. a volume dealing with the work of some modern American story-tellers, — among others, Marion Crawford, Robert Herrick, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington; and Ellen Glasgow, Gertrude Atherton, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Johnston, Edith Wharton, and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Journals" will be issued at once by the John Lane Company, in two large octavo volumes, elaborately illustrated with reproductions of ceramics and antiques. Much of the porcelain collected by this remarkable woman and her husband may now be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington The journals from Lady Charlotte Schreiber's own hand describe her many collecting tours from 1869 to 1885. Her son, Mr. Montague Guest, had been at work upon these two volumes for some time, when his death took place a little more than a year ago. There is a short biographical introduction by Mr. Guest, and annotations on the specimens collected are contributed by Mr. Egan Hew.

Among the Cambridge University Press publications soon to be issued in this country by Messrs. Putnam are the following: "About Edwin Drood," an anonymous effort to elucidate certain details in the novel which have hitherto been overlooked or misunderstood; "Roman Stoicism," by Dr. E. Vernon Arnold, Litt.D.; "The Theory of Toleration under the Later Stuarts," by Mr. A. A. Seaton, M.A.; and a biography of Gilbert Crispin, Abbot of Westminster, by Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson announces four new volumes as in preparation for early issue from The Doves Press. These are as follows: "In Principio," the first chapter of Genesis, reprinted in commemoration of the Tercentenary of the Authorized Version; Goethe's "Die Leiden des Jungen Werther," printed from the Weimar text; "A Decade of Years," poems by William Wordsworth, 1798–1807; and Shakespeare's "Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra," printed from the text of the First Folio. All these will appear in editions limited to 200 or 250 copies each, with a few copies printed on vellum.

Some Spring publications of Messrs. Scribner's Sons, not heretofore announced in these columns, are the following: "Isabella of Milan," by Christopher Hare; "The High Roads of the Alps," by Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S.; "Finland To-day," by George Renwick; "Florence, Past and Present," by Rev. J. Wood Brown, M.A.; "Java and Sumatra, and the Other Islands of the Dutch East Indies," by A. Cabaton. In fiction, we are promised these four volumes: "Jane Oglander," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; "The Price," by Francis Lynde; "Mr. Wycherly's Wards," by Miss L. Allen Harker; and "Esther Damon," by Cora Older.

An important publishing enterprise has recently been planned by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Williams & Norgate of London. It will consist of a series of original volumes specially written by high authorities in the various departments of modern knowledge, intended not for the student only but for the general reader, and issued at a very low price in cloth binding. A hundred volumes have been designed, covering the fields of History, Literature and Art, Science, Social Science, Philosophy and Religion. The first set of ten volumes will be issued in May. Each book will run to about 250 pages, and will contain a bibliography, and illustrations where necessary. Many of the foremost British and American scholars have been enlisted in this effort to put the best new books within reach of the masses of the people. The library is under the general editorship of Professor Gilbert Murray, D.Litt., Mr. Herbert Fisher, F.B.A., and Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

The first issue of "The American Economic Review," published by the American Economic Association, has just appeared. This new quarterly, which takes the place of "The Economic Bulletin" and the Monographs previously published, contains a variety of departments, — leading articles, reviews with titles and annotations of new books, abstracts of documents, reports, and periodicals, and general notes. The four leading articles

in the first number are: "Some Unsettled Problems of Irrigation," by Professor Katharine Coman; "How Tariffs Should Not Be Made," by Professor F. W. Taussig; "Seasonal Variations in the New York Money Market," by Professor E. W. Kemmerer; "Promotion of Trade with South America," by Professor David Kinley. About forty books are reviewed. The periodical entries number approximately 250 and cover about twenty-five pages. The reviews, notes, and abstracts are conveniently arranged under topical headings, so as to facilitate reference to any particular branch of economic study. The Review is conducted by a Board of Editors chosen by the American Economic Association, and the Managing Editor is Professor Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 171 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Anglo-American Memories. By George W. Smalley, M.A. Illustrated. 8vo, 441 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2. net.

John Bright: A Monograph. By R. Barry O'Brien; with a preface by Augustine Birrell, M.P. With photogravure frontispiece, large 8vo, 270 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. net.

John Redmond: The Man and the Demand. By L. G. Redmond-Howard. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 352 pages. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

Charles II. and His Court. By A. C. A. Brett, B.A. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 323 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The War Maker: Being the True Story of Captain George B. Boynton. By Horace Smith. With portrait, 12mo, 415 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

The Autobiography of Shakespeare: A Fragment. Edited by L. C. Alexander. 8vo, 176 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Robert Stiles. New edition; with frontispiece. 8vo, 368 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2. net.

A Study in Alexander Hamilton. By Fontaine T. Fox. 16mo, 171 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $1.10 net.

Hogarth. By Edward Garnett. Illustrated in color, etc., 18mo, 208 pages. "Popular Library of Art." E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts. net.

Thomas Warton: The British Academy Warton Lecture on English Poetry—I. By W. P. Ker. 8vo, 11 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper, 25 cts. net.

HISTORY.

The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization. By Angelo Mosso; translated from the Italian by Marian C. Harrison. Illustrated. 4to, 424 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $4. net.

From Bunker Hill to Manila Bay: A Record of Battles for American Independence, the Preservation of the Union, and the Extension of Territory. Compiled by John P. Dobbs. 8vo, 325 pages. New York: J. F. Dobbs. $2.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Evolution of Literature. By A. S. Mackenzie. Illustrated. 8vo, 440 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50 net.

World Literature and Its Place in General Culture. By Richard G. Moulton, Ph.D. 12mo, 502 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

On Something. By H. Belloc. 16mo, 272 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Patient Observer. By Simeon Strunsky. 12mo, 348 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

The Gleam. By Helen R. Albee. 12mo, 312 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

The Ashes of a God. Translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. 12mo, 182 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

An Ethical Diary. Selected and edited by W. Garrett Horder. 18mo, 284 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cts. net.

Montesquieu et l'Esclavage: Etude sur les Origines de l'opinion Anti-Esclavagiste en France en XVIII. Siècle. By Russell Parsons Jameson. 8vo, 371 pages. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Paper.

Wisdom of the East: The Bustan of Sadi. Translated from the Persian, with an Introduction, by A. Hart Edwards. 16mo, 124 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. net.

Karl Lebrecht Immermann: A Study in German Romanticism. By Allen Wilson Porterfield, Ph.D. Paper, 153 pages. Columbia University Press.

Father Damien: An Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. With a Statement by Mrs. Stevenson. New edition; 12mo, 46 pages. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Marie Press. 30 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach; translated from the German by James Davis; with biographical sketch by Bayard Taylor. With portrait, 12mo, 990 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Works of Thomas Hardy. Thin paper edition. New volume: Life's Little Ironies. With frontispiece, 16mo. Harper & Brothers. Cloth, $1.25; leather, $1.25 net.

The Vision; or, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Francis Cary. Illustrated, 12mo, 578 pages. Oxford University Press.

Shelley: Poems Published in 1820. Edited, with introduction and notes, by A. M. D. Hughes. 12mo, 234 pages. Oxford University Press.

Men and Women. By Robert Browning; edited by G. E. Hadow. In two volumes. Vol. I., with Introduction and notes. 16mo, 350 pages. Oxford University Press.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

A Poet's Anthology of Poems. Compiled by Alfred Noyes. 16mo, 407 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1. net.

The Garland of Childhood: A Little Book for All Lovers of Children. Compiled by Percy Withers. With decorations in color, 16mo, 338 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

John Murray's Landfall: A Romance and a Foregleam. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Illustrated in color, etc., 18mo, 233 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Bell and Wing. By Frederick Fanning Ayer. Large 8vo, 1266 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

My Three Loves. By Beverley Dandridge Tucker. 16mo, 106 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Songs of the Double Star. By G. Leathem. 16mo, 48 pages. London: David Nutt. 50 cts. net.

For Truth and Freedom: Poems of Commemoration. By Armistead C. Gordon. 16mo, 73 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce. Vol. IV., Shapes of Clay. Edited and arranged by the author. 8vo, 376 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2.50.

Soldiers of the Light. By Helen Gray Cone. 8vo, 72 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1. net.

Flowers from the Wayside: A Book of Verse. By Warren R. Fitch. 12mo, 62 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Mattabesesett; or, The Coming of the Paleface, and Other Poems. By S. Ward Loper. With portrait, 12mo, 142 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

Violet Verses. By Lilian Hopwood Ward. 12mo, 63 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1. net.

Les Enfants: A Book of Verse in French-Canadian Dialect. By Gertrude Litchfield. 12mo, 61 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1. net.

Romance of the Universe. By B. T. Stauber. 12mo, 131 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

FICTION.

The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 391 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The Dweller on the Threshold. By Robert Hichens. 12mo, 273 pages. Century Co. $1.10 net.

Klaus Hinrich Baas: The Story of a Self-made Man. By Gustav Frenssen; translated from the German by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. 12mo, 440 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Demeter's Daughter. By Eden Phillpotts. 12mo, 348 pages. John Lane Co. $1.35 net.

Later Pratt Portraits. By Anna Fuller. Illustrated in color. 12mo, 415 pages. G. P. Putnam's sons. $1.50 net.

Adventure. By Jack London. 12mo. 405 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Camera Fiend. By E. W. Hornung. Illustrated. 12mo, 346 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Bar-20 Days. By Clarence E. Mulford. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 412 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.35 net.

While Caroline Was Growing. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. Illustrated, 12mo, 330 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

What's-His-Name. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 243 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

An Old Maid's Vengeance. By Frances Powell. 12mo, 330 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Contessa's Sister. By Gardner Teall. 12mo, 243 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.20 net.

Glamourie. By William Samuel Johnson. 12mo, 295 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

The Bramble Bush. By Caroline Fuller. Illustrated, 12mo, 308 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Land Claimers. By John Fleming Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

The Return. By Walter de la Mare. 12mo, 354 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Account Rendered. By E. F. Benson. 12mo, 367 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

Lord Bellinger: An Autobiography. By Harry Graham. 12mo, 346 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.20 net.

The Road to Avalon. By Coningsby Dawson. 12mo, 284 pages. Hodder & Stoughton. $1.20 net.

The Path of Glory. By Paul L. Haworth. Illustrated, 12mo, 348 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25 net.

Heather and Peat. By A. D. Stewart. 12mo, 319 pages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20 net.

Seekers All. By Mrs. Kenneth Combe. 12mo, 323 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

The Simple Life Limited. By Daniel Chaucer. 12mo, 389 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Joyce of the North Woods. By Harriet Comstock. Illustrated. 12mo, 390 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

Yellow Men and Gold. By Gouverneur Morris. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 244 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.

'Lisbeth of the Dale. By Marian Keith. 12mo, 434 pages. Hodder & Stoughton. $1.20 net.

Thieves. By "Aix," author of "The Adventures of a Nice Young Man." Illustrated, 12mo, 338 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.30 net.

Zoe the Dancer. By Ida Wild. 12mo, 302 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

The Range Riders. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Illustrated. 12mo, 310 pages. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.

The Man With the Black Cord. By Augusta Groner; translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. Illustrated, 12mo, 287 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.20 net.

Americans All: A Romance of the Great War. By John Merritte Driver. 12mo, 537 pages. Forbes & Co. $1.20 net.

The Making of a Fortune: A Romance. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Illustrated, 12mo, 114 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1. net.

The Diverging Paths: A Story of the Pioneer Days of Missouri. By L. L. Chappelle. Illustrated, 12mo, 214 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Men We Marry. By Lewis MacBrayne. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 424 pages. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hot Coals: A Story of To-day. By Edgar L. Vincent. Illustrated, 12mo, 465 pages. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co. $1.25.

Not of Her Race. By Nancy K. Foster. With frontispiece. 12mo, 279 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50.

Jonas Hawley. By William W. Pennell. Illustrated, 12mo, 443 pages. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Priest: A Tale of Modernism in New England. By the author of "Letters to His Holiness, Pope Pius X." 12mo, 209 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

The Venture: A Story of the Shadow World. By R. Norman Grisewood. 12mo, 228 pages. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1. net.

Alice Rayden: or, Weighed in the Balance. By Agnes Elnor Albert. With frontispiece, 12mo, 234 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.

Achsah the Sister of Jairus. By Mabel Cronise Jones. 12mo, 76 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Rocky Fork. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New edition: illustrated, 12mo, 322 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25.

A Plain American in England. By Charles J. Whitefield. New edition; 16mo, 20 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Obvious Orient. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. 12mo, 389 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

A Tenderfoot with Peary. By George Borup; with a preface by G. W. Melville, U.S.N. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.10 net.

Seventeen Years Among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo. By Edward H. Gomes, M.A.; with Introduction by the Rev. John Perham. Illustrated, 8vo, 343 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Argentina Past and Present. By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated, large 8vo, 455 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4. net.

Oriental Cairo. By Douglas Sladen. Illustrated, 8vo, 391 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. net.

The Incas of Peru. By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. With illustrations and maps, 8vo, 443 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. net.

Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots: A Civil Servant's Recollections and Impressions of Thirty-Seven Years of Work and Sport in the Central Provinces of Bengal. By Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, K.C.S.I. With illustrations and map, large 8vo, 368 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $4. net.

Gleanings from Fifty Years in China. By Archibald Little. 8vo, 335 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

Three Weeks in the British Isles. By John U. Higinbotham. Illustrated, 12mo, 328 pages. Reilly & Britton Co. $1.50.

A Satchel Guide to Europe for 1911. By W. J. Rolfe. New edition; 18mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

An Unknown People in an Unknown Land: The Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco. By W. Barbrooke Grubb. With illustrations and map, 8vo, 330 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Industry and Progress. By Norman Hapgood. 16mo, 123 pages. Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

The Standard of Living among the Industrial People of America. By Frank Hatch Streightoff. 12mo, 196 pages. "Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays." Houghton Mifflin Co. $1. net.

Report of the Commission on Country Life. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. 16mo, 150 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cts.

Inheritance Taxes for Investors. A Series of Articles Published in the Boston News Bureau in February and March, 1911. Revised and annotated by Hugh Bancroft. 12mo, 139 pages. Boston News Bureau. $1.

Prohibition and Anti-Prohibition. By Rev. G. A. Ziegler, D.M., W. E. Rommell, V.D.M., and Geo. Herz. With frontispiece, 12mo, 146 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

The Common Sense of Socialism: A Series of Letters addressed to Jonathan Edwards, of Pittsburg. By John Spargo. 12mo, 184 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. By Karl Marx. 12mo, 314 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

One Big Union: An Outline of a Possible Industrial Organization of the Working Class. By William E. Trautmann. 12mo, 31 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 10 cts. net.

Manifesto of the Communist Party. By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. 16mo, 63 pages. Chicago: Charles Kerr & Co. Paper, 10 cts.

RELIGION.

The Holy Bible. An Exact Reprint in Roman Type, Page for Page, of the Authorized Version Published in the Year 1611. With an Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard. 12mo. Oxford University Press. $2.10 net.

Records of the English Bible: The Documents Relating to the Translation and Publication of the Bible in English, 1525-1611. Edited, with an Introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. 12mo, 387 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.

The Great Epic of Israel. By Amos Kidder Fiske, A.M. 376 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50 net.

The Heart of the Master. By William Burnet Wright, D.D. 12mo, 247 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The Religions and Philosophies of the East. By J. M. Kennedy. 12mo, 276 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by Dr. James Hastings. Vol. III., Burial—Confessions. 4to, 901 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

Baptist Confessions of Faith. By W. J. McGlothlin, Ph.D. 12mo, 368 pages. American Baptist Publication Society. $1.50 net.

The Function of the Church in Modern Society. By William Jewett Tucker. 16mo, 110 pages. "Modern Religious Problems." Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cts. net.

An Interpretation of Genesis. By F. P. Ramsay, Ph.D. 12mo, 347 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2. net.

The Eternal Evangel. By Solomon S. Hilscher. 12mo, 263 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.

The Galax Gatherers: The Gospel among the Highlanders. By Edward O. Guerrant. 12mo, 220 pages. Richmond, Va.: Onward Press. $1.

Man's Tomorrow. By William W. Kingsley. 8vo, 190 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.20 net.

Christ Jesus: Endorsement by Prominent Persons, and Essays by Bartow A. Ulrich. 12mo, Chicago: B. A. Ulrich. 75 cts.

In the Early Days. By Adelaide Hickox. 12mo, 330 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Pathway of Roses. By Christian D. Larson. 12mo, 359 pages. Chicago: Progress Press.

A Key to the New Testament; or, Letters to Teachers Concerning the Interpretation of the New Testament. By Alvah S. Hobart. 16mo, 175 pages. Griffith & Rowland Press. 40 cts. net.

MUSIC AND ART.

The Education of a Music Lover: A Book for Those Who Study or Teach the Art of Listening. By Edward Dickinson. 12mo, 289 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Some Forerunners of Italian Opera. By W. J. Henderson. 12mo, 248 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Schools of Painting. By Mary Innes; edited, with a chapter on Scoools of Painting in America, and other additional material, by Charles de Kay. Illustrated, 8vo, 408 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

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